

# The American Girl

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*For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

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## When Mrs. Coolidge Was a Girl

By LOU HENRY HOOVER

NOVEMBER

1926

# On The American Girl Christmas Tree



*All These  
And More In Our Big Christmas Issue*



## Games in Scoutville

From our new  
*GIRL SCOUT GAME BOOK*

### Ghosts

This game is played out-of-doors. To prepare for it, the Captain stations about half a dozen Girl Scouts well camouflaged along a trail or walk. The rest then walk along the trail to see how many figures they can distinguish. It is extraordinary how many figures you conjure up! After playing this game once or twice, withdraw the camouflaged girls and lead the players around an empty area. It is interesting the number of "ghosts" you will see.

### Torn Pictures

Space: meeting place or out-of-doors. Equipment: a sheet of paper for each Girl Scout. A quarter-sheet of newspaper will do very well. Each player then holds the paper behind her and tears out of it the following. Ones, a Red Cross Emblem; twos, an American flag; threes, a Girl Scout in uniform; fours, a robin; fixes, a daisy; sixes, a maple leaf; sevens, a life preserver; eights, an open book. About two minutes are given for this, after which each file in turn holds up the efforts: all the number ones holding theirs up at once, for instance, while the troop votes on the best. The patrol having the largest number of votes wins. Instead of these emblems to tear out, the players themselves may suggest others.

### Our Girl Scout Game Book

The Girl Scout Game Book  
Has just come to town,  
In printed petticoats  
And orange gown—

And if there is any Girl Scout who won't adore this book, with its gay orange cover and its fascinating games within, I can't imagine who she is! Yes, here they all are—ice-breaking and warming games; ball and bean bag games; stepping-stones to badges—nature games, first-aid games, knot games, compass games, map-making games, observation games, and signaling games—not to mention Girl Scouting games like flag raids and treasure hunts and sealed orders and camp-fire games.

And the best part of it is that it has just been published at National Headquarters for every Girl Scout and every Girl Scout leader. Of course, every patrol will forthwith want to buy one for its Patrol Corner. And I am sure that when you see it, you will want one for your own. It's a splendid book for parties, too—and (this is best of all!) it costs only thirty-five cents. Send for it to the National Equipment Department, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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# for The American Girl

*For All Girls—Especially Girl Scouts*



## The MAN O'WAR MIDDY (The Sloped Sides Make it Fit)

Girls who are proud of their appearance, who like to look neat and trim always, are wearing the sloped side Man O'War Middy in ever-increasing numbers. It is indeed the middy for the American Girl. And more Girl Scouts wear the Man O'War Middy than any other make of white middy, according to a recent questionnaire sent out by the editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine.

The Man O'War Middy is moderate in price. The smart, white Super-Jean model (A-11) in the illustration is priced

at \$1.50 (west of the Mississippi \$1.75). That isn't a lot to pay for a real, quality garment that is considered best by the great majority of Girl Scouts, is it? If you do not know where to buy the Man O'War write the manufacturers—

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**EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL, CAMP OR GYM**



## Along the Editor's Trail

### BOOKS.

My books—and with them, always a picture and a memory.

It is bedtime and my mother is reading aloud to my brother and me. She must have read to us many, many times for me to have the picture so clearly before me—my young brother in his bed across the room, I on the couch, with the patchwork quilt over me, mother in the low, comfortable chair beneath the light, and with the house breathlessly still, save for the cadences of mother's voice, rising and falling, now softly gentle, now vividly dramatic.

And the stories! My mother tells me that she spent many hours at the public library, those days, hunting for books which would delight us. There were no children's rooms then and the books of our hearts shuffled around on shelves that we ourselves could never reach—books to be found only by those who, like my mother, loved children and would not be content until they had discovered the books that were destined to be especially ours.

Books at bedtime until the light must be turned out all too soon. But there were some nights—and all three of us instinctively recognized them when they had arrived—when we couldn't, simply couldn't stop at the appointed time. Always on Friday nights, I remember!

Not every Friday night, of course. But sometimes, "Go on, mother. Go on, mother," we would cry.

Mother would look at the clock, then back to us. "What will your father say?" she would ask, in mock dread.

"We'll explain," we declared, protectingly. "Go on."

"Well—" and on and on in the magic story until—

A key clicked in the stillness of the front hall below. It was father, returning from the work which so often took him out in the evening. Steadily mother read on. But my brother and I were wriggling in excitement.

Steadily, mother read on, with never a glance at father, tall and stern, now in the doorway.

"What is this? What do you mean by keeping our children awake at this hour?"

Mother looked up from her book. But before she could speak, with a shout and a jump we were at him. "It's not her fault, father—we made her, honestly we did. It's the best story we ever read. Honestly, father."

Gravely father would consider the situation. "The best story—um—well—if it *really* is—" The game was on. With words stumbling over each other's heels, my brother and I would tell him the story so far. Then once more the breathless stillness of the house and the cadences of mother's voice. Bolt upright in his bed, the covers twisted about him, my brother listened, his eyes deep, glowing blue, his cheeks flushed. My own back like a poker, I watched father's face.

Sometimes in a page or two, father would cough deprecatingly and say, "Oh, come now—what's this?" And despite our protests, the newspaper marker would go into the book and the lights would go out. But other times—himself absorbed, father would sit relaxed on the edge of the bed. Softly mother would turn page after page—on and on until it was gorgeously late—sometimes ten-thirty!

Books. And with them, always this picture and this memory.

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## Grace Goodhue at Fifteen

*You can imagine her asking what tune you want her to play for the rest of you to dance, or waiting for the judge to sugar in a friend's room. You can see her friendly disposition shining through the clear gray eyes — nor is it to be wondered that she grew up into the gracious and charming mistress of the White House*

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*  
Helen Ferris, Editor



*Her red toboggan suit made a scarlet streak as she flew down the snow-covered hills on her sled*

## When Mrs. Coolidge Was a Girl

*Once she was a girl like you, with her dreams—and now she is the First Lady of the Land*

By LOU HENRY HOOVER

HOW HAPPY are those girls, who as only children are the constant companions and joyous care of their mothers, spending most of their time working and playing with them, and in fact being miniature mothers and housekeepers themselves! Perhaps they lose much in lack of companionship with other children, but much they gain that is priceless. How many mothers of today remember such a childhood tenderly! One whom we all know and love does—remembers it with the happiest affection, even though she now "keeps house" in the most beautiful as well as the most honored home in the land, with a dozen servants and hundreds of visitors every week.

She was a brown-eyed, black-haired, sweet-faced, sunny-tempered little girl whose name was Grace Goodhue, and she lived not many years ago, in Burlington, Vermont, on the shore of lovely Lake Champlain. Her name is now Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and she lives in the White House, in Washington. Most of us, when our span of life is run, are found to have been very much the same from year to year, and those who have known her all her life, say that Grace Coolidge is very like Grace Goodhue, even very much like the wee Grace

Goodhue, who rode in her tall, springy baby-carriage of the period and looked out with wide, serious eyes upon the Vermont world and thought it a fascinating place.

Having no brothers or sisters for playmates and with no little girls of similar age and tastes in her neighborhood, she nevertheless did not feel the loss of companionship, because of the devotion of her own play-loving mother.

In that cold country much of the time in winter must be spent indoors, and it was the vital interest and adventure of home-making that was the keenest pleasure and occupation of Grace and her mother, just as it is for so many thousands of Girl Scouts today. She loved playing the game of her part in the family, and mother saw that her part was growing broader and widening with experience as the years went by.

Like all the rest of you, even when still very tiny she was busily doing whatever mother was doing, and early learned to sew, to knit, to dust, to sweep, to set the table, to stand on a box and help with the dishes at the sink, to dry them shinily and to put them away on the cupboard shelves. It was all such fun; it is a part of the game of being big when you are still very small; and their alternating gay and serious chatter prevented any work from dragging. She and her mother told each other stories, sang songs together and discussed all the little affairs that came

their way as they sat and rocked and knitted, or as she ironed out the handkerchiefs on her own small ironing-board while mother was doing some of the larger pieces.



*She had no brothers or sisters for playmates, but there was a play-loving mother to share her tea-parties*

Perhaps most of all she loved the cooking, kneading out little loaves of bread, making the centers of little doughnuts with a thimble, cutting out cookies into queer shapes, twisting them into men and ducks and little Christmas trees. Then with the result she would prepare a tea-party for mother and the dolls, with the little dishes on the little table and herself in her own little chair on one side while mother sat in her low rocker on the other. Part of the doll chairs had to be improvised from hassocks and boxes because there were not enough real doll chairs to go around. The big game they made of all the fun there was about the work of a household made housekeeping always seem a joy and a real accomplishment instead of drudgery and toil.

Her father's business had to do with engines and boats. And very particularly he was interested in his daughter, so she had happy times with him when he was at home, and in the evenings told him all the stories of wonder that had been happening during the day. Sometimes she went with him to the house of engines learning much of his ways and of his man-things just as she did those of mother's when they were in the house. And sometimes she went with him out on some boat where his duty of inspection called him. These were gala occasions, growing more frequent as she grew older, exploring the beautiful lake from historic Ticonderoga in the south to Plattsburg and "the Islands" of the north.

Perhaps just because she took her own part so adequately as a member of the family, she wanted to take her part in the larger world she saw about her, and early, with envious eyes, watched the other children going by to

school, begging her mother persistently to be allowed to put on her hat, take some books under her arm and run to the red brick school house three blocks away.

Before she was five years old her mother finally yielded, and off she started, her hand in mother's that first morning to take up the longed for tasks of the school room. Miss Cornelia Underwood, the teacher of that first day, and of all the many months she spent in the first and second grades, still lives up in those hills of the north, remembering the intent, eager little pupil she loved so warmly. The reading, the figuring, the drawing, the writing were all absorbing, and from that day when Grace Goodhue began her real school work until the time when she was graduated from Vermont University, "book study" was always a joy to her and seldom a drudgery—just as books are a delight to her today. Sometimes, of course, verbs had to be parsed, just as dishes had to be washed when one was in a hurry to do something more attractive, but the drudgery part was so slight compared with the adventure part that it was met cheerfully and radiantly and accomplished as speedily as possible.

But one must not infer from all this that she was always engrossed with serious affairs. Far from it. She was occupied with real play many hours a day. In play-time dolls were of course the most fascinating thing; they were numerous; they were of all sizes and kinds; they were large and small, girls and boys, grown-ups and babies; there were paper dolls and rag dolls and china dolls; but most beautiful of all was the doll Grandpa Goodhue gave her one Christmas. She always remained the most beloved of the family, and although numerous accidents finally took the body beyond the aid of the family surgeon, new bodies for old heads are fortunately easily managed in doll-land, and Mrs. Coolidge still owns and loves that "same" doll—the same in eyes and cheeks and smile and heart, even though arms and legs are of a later date!

Sewing for all this big family, mending for them, crocheting for them, knitting for them, making dresses and coats and hats for them was almost the equal of her mother's family sewing. They had beds and tables and furniture and dishes—and all had to be kept in order. She pretended school for them; she taught them their manners; tea-parties had to be given for them, their meals had to be prepared, and their little dishes washed and put away in the tiny cupboard; they had to be taken for their outings in their own baby-carriages; they had to be tucked away in bed at night. It was a ceaseless round of joy and care—we trust she was rewarded with a happy and appreciative family!

The Goodhues' house of Colonial yellow with its white trimmings and green shutters, set back from the street under the broad maples, was an ideal American home. The pleasant yard in front and the garden at the back answered as playground in summer and winter. Games and toys, reading and gardening alternated in the out-of-door summer life. There was much there to occupy a little girl. The play-house she built herself of rows of stones outlining each room, with spaces for doors and windows; the "pretend" furniture was set in appropriate places; the dolls and their belongings came out on fine days and occupied the premises. Her small garden was in the back yard, and

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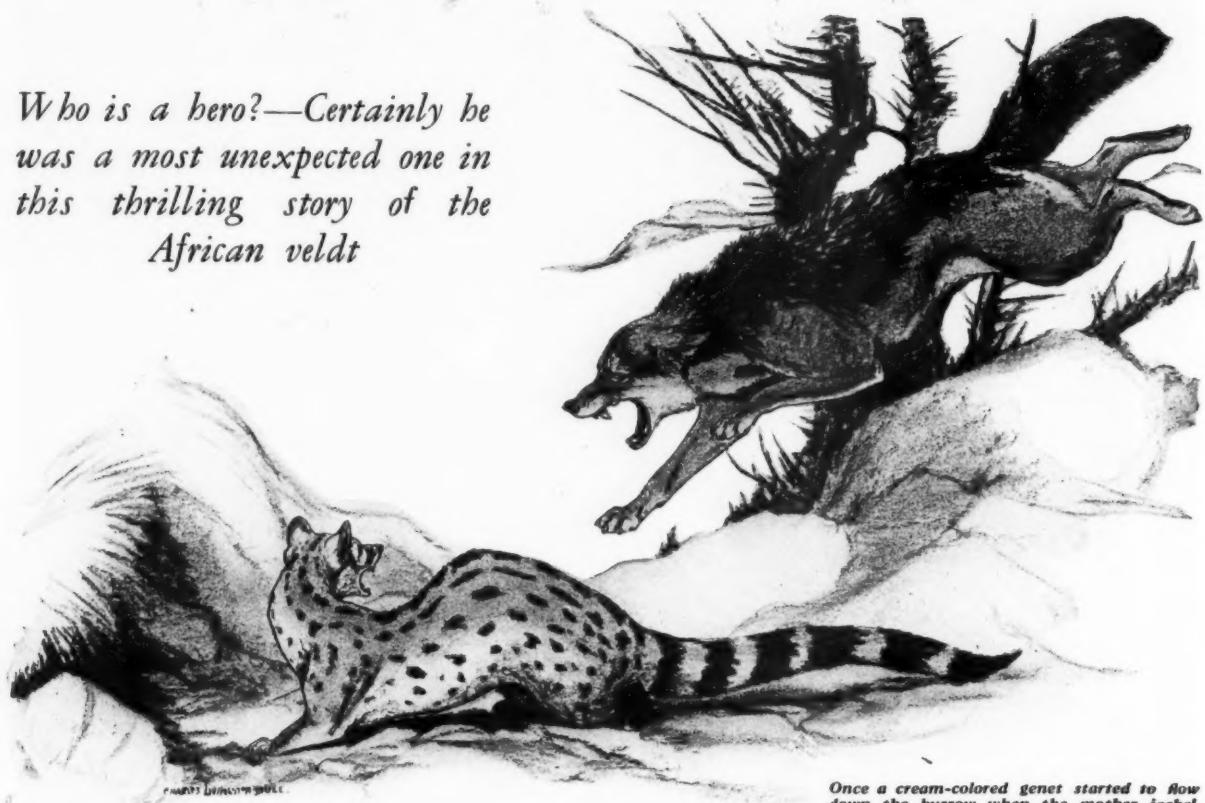


*She loved doing whatever mother was doing—it was all part of the game of being big when you are still very small*



*Whether she stands in a gown of state of white-and-gold brocade about to receive some royal visitor, or whether she sits and knits, chatting with a friend or two in her lovely upstairs sitting-room with a view where the glorious Washington Monument pierces the blue sky and the green shores rise beyond the Potomac, the present mistress of the White House is always a real person—just as real, just as sincere, just as easily understandable as was tiny Grace Goodhue in Vermont, or older Grace Goodhue of the Burlington High School*

*Who is a hero?—Certainly he was a most unexpected one in this thrilling story of the African veldt*



*Once a cream-colored genet started to flow down the burrow when the mother jackal descended upon him in a fury of rage*

## The Blackback Family

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

**H**EAT and haze, copper-lake grass, thickets bristling with six-inch thorns white as bleached bone, rust-red rocks, stunted trees, blistering saffron sand with death lurking everywhere—that is the veldt of South Africa. By tame-folk standards it is no place for a home, yet unnumbered wild-folk live happily—and die suddenly, in the veldt.

One of the wisest and wiliest of them all slipped like a shadow through the thickets one scorching afternoon and traveled across the hot sand like a puff of tawny dust before the wind. Blackback, the Cape jackal, cared nothing for the heat and less for the various deaths which lurked beneath that blazing sun. In fact, any death which can overtake a blackback jackal has to be sudden and well concealed indeed. This one had a special reason to hurry home—nine special reasons in fact.

One day she decided to wean her cubs and in spite of hungry little whines and protesting wails from nine fuzzy, cuddly puppies, weaned they were. From then on neither of the old jackals ever entered the den, an old aardvark burrow under a mimosa tree, yet there was never a moment night and day when one was not on guard, while the other scoured the veldt to bring back food for the family.

Once a cream-colored genet, that long sinuous hunter, half-cat and half-weasel, with legs so short that he moves over the ground like a snake, started to flow down the burrow of the jackal family. His pointed head was just disappearing in the entrance when the mother jackal descended upon him from a near-by thicket in such a fury of rage that the genet, although a fighter of sorts, was glad

to retreat by the tree-top route. The same thing happened to a long-legged serval cat, while an eight-foot python, who had decided to try young jackals as a change of diet, was caught amidships in the gripping jaws of the father of the family and shortly thereafter disappeared in sections down eleven hungry gullets.

There came a day, however, when an imperturbable stranger waddled deliberately up to the burrow and right under the watchful eyes of its guardians proceeded to enter without their making any attempt to stop him.

The newcomer had a cylindrical body and short legs and was about half the size of an ordinary pig. Not only did it march along in the open without the slightest attempt at concealment, but it even gave notice of its coming by rattling a bunch of hollow quills at the end of its stumpy tail as it walked. Its air of confidence was entirely justified. No wise animal attacks Ingu, as native hunters have named the African porcupine. Many have tried—and died, and the number includes the lion and the leopard. As this one moved toward the burrow he kept up a petulant grumbling and every once in a while raised a thicket of black and white quills on its back, some of which were fully a foot in length. As he disappeared down the tunnel, the mother jackal gave the muffled slow bark which signaled her family that all was well.

They needed some such assurance when the round squirrel-like head of the porcupine, surmounted by bristling, needle-sharp spines, showed at the entrance to their snug living room. Foot by foot the puppies backed away from the stranger as he waddled forward grunting and clashing

his quills as he came. Ingu, however, paid no attention to them, but after sniffing here and there dug out a room for himself in the side of the tunnel between where the cubs lived and the entrance.

From that time on the ten lived together in peace and amity. When the porcupine was at home he kept himself curled up in his own room and never interfered with the rightful owners of the den in any way. Yet somewhere in the depths of his grumbling, spiny nature, he must have had a liking for his nine little landlords as he proved the day that a pack of Cape dogs, the *wilde honde* of the Dutch, found their way into that part of the veldt.

Big as a mastiff and wise as a wolf with a cruel lust for slaughter, the Cape dog is death incarnate for all the smaller dwellers of the veldt. Accordingly when one mid-morning the unerring nose of the mother jackal caught the unmistakable reek of a pack of hunting *wilde honde* she gave the sharp staccato yelp which carries far and signals danger to her mate. He heard it from where he slept with both ears open in the exact center of a thorn-guarded thicket. Slipping like a snake through masses of mimosa scrub and tangles of unadilla creeper, he joined her just as a pack of twenty ochre-yellow hunting dogs with white brushes came galloping down the wind. As they quartered the plain, drawing cover after cover, their baying rang clear as a bell. Then it was that the two blackbacked jackals did one of those everyday acts of cool courage and sacrifice which go to make the life of even the most timid of the wild folk.

The pair crept out from the protection of the bristling thorns behind which they had lain hidden and showed themselves in the open not a hundred yards away from the pack. The wild dog is as crafty as he is fierce and this pack of veteran hunters at once realized that two Cape jackals would not have given up the protection of their thicket except for one reason—puppies. Accordingly, paying no attention to the frantic father and mother who edged in nearer in a hopeless effort to draw the pack away from their home, the dogs spread out in an ever-widening circle. Before long one of them discovered the entrance to the jackals' burrow and in a tumult of excited barks and yelps the pack began to dig its way down to the little family. Aroused by the noise the puppies rushed along a narrow tunnel which led to the backdoor of the burrow. Unfortunately they had not reckoned on the wile and wisdom of the Cape dog and when the first of the hurrying line of puppies squeezed his way up through a narrow passage to the emergency exit he found a pair of tawny sentinels waiting to receive him. Whimpering with terror the little family scurried back to their living room. Death was coming toward them from in front and death waited for them at the rear. As the sound of digging came nearer and nearer the frightened puppies saw for the first time a gleam of light as the wild dogs opened up their tunnel.

At this moment, when even their own father and mother dared do no more, an unexpected champion came to their rescue. Ingu, the Prickly One, had slept through the barks and yelps outside and the hurrys and scurrys and whimperings within. Not until daylight streamed in to disturb his slumbers did he awake. Then bristling and grumbling he backed out of the burrow and for a second the wild dogs drew back at his sudden appearance.

That instant of hesitation gave the porcupine all the time he needed to prepare for his peculiar system of fighting. Dropping his round unarmed head between his forepaws he

seemed to double in size as hundreds of needle-pointed spines stood up all over his body. A hunting pack of *wilde honde* has been known to kill a leopard, that spotted demon of the jungle, and even a lion will avoid, if possible, an encounter with a full pack of Cape dogs. Ingu, however, although less than half the size of the least of his opponents never even hesitated. His grumbling ran up a full octave to a shrill squeak as he charged his enemies in the most approved porcupine fashion backwards. It seemed impossible that any animal of his clumsy build and waddling ways could move so swiftly as with all the speed and invulnerability of a baby-tank he bore down upon the pack.

In spite of their courage and fierceness and hunger, the wild dogs scattered before him like dry leaves before a gale. Only a few of the younger and more inexperienced ones were rash enough to try and grip the porcupine's unarmed nose or unprotected underparts. To each and every one of these

Ingu's answer was the same. B a c k i n g against them he drove his long keen black and white quills deep into their flesh, while the spines at the end of his tail

(Continued on page 70)



*That instant of hesitation gave the porcupine all the time he needed*

By ETHEL  
COOK ELIOT

## Captain DoP

*When is a wall-flower not a wall-flower? "When she plays  
High School—and Captain Dibbles."*

**F**OR all that Don Riggs is captain of our Peter-ville High School foot-ball team and general all 'round dependable athlete, he certainly can do the most surprising things. Take the party last Friday night, for instance, and Ellen Knight. Who would have thought that—but Ellen always does have luck, it seems—and, anyway, this is how it all happened.

Ellen came to live in Peter-  
ville just a little over a week  
ago and entered the senior  
class. But it doesn't feel that  
way. It feels as though she  
had been here, one of us, for  
years; that is because she has  
made such a deep impression,  
only in different ways, on us  
all. It seems to me, for in-  
stance, that there has never  
been a time when I didn't  
know the way her eyelids  
droop, giving a pathetic ex-  
pression to her dark eyes, and  
the way her hair shines in the  
sun. Doris, my chum, says it  
is the same with her. She  
thinks that Ellen is like some  
bright-colored picture that we  
have remembered from child-  
hood come forward into real  
life. She makes us think of the  
"Idylls of the King" and  
"Down-a-down Derry," and  
"I Met a Lady" and things like  
that. Poetry, you know.

And she has luck—that kind of girl. Her luck became visible to Doris and me as soon as she came to school. That first hour she got all the snap questions in Ancient History recitations, and she gets them yet, in everything. There is something distinctly uncanny about it. Going home from school with Doris and me (she has jumped right into the middle of our friendship as easily as anyone else could jump into a river) she admits herself that the way snap questions always come to her is "funny." She says, "If I'd got your question, Helen, or yours, Doris, I'd simply have been nowhere. But I always seem to be in luck." Then she drops our arms and skips on ahead to the next corner, where she waits for us. She skips out of pleasure, the way a child does, you know? It embarrassed us at first, Doris and me, because after all, all three of us are sixteen. But we are getting used to it.

*He's always at the game of taking putting it*

However, I don't want to be telling you about Ellen and us, although that would make a story itself when you remember that Doris and I have been best friends from baby-



*He's always at the game of taking his father's old sliver to bits and putting it together again*

hood and never before let a third person into our deepest secrets. But the point is the Handkerchief Doll. You would smile, mentioning a doll and Don Riggs in the same breath. But that is the start of the story—actually.

It came to life, the Doll did,  
out of magic, in a way, Friday  
night at Doris's and my dance.

We had taken Ellen into our confidence about the dance, as we take her into our confidence about everything now. We three were sitting on the wide ledge of one of the windows of our classroom which overlooks the football practice field. It was Ellen's third morning in Peterville.

Doris looked at me across Ellen's bright head and said, "What do you say to telling her about Friday, Helen?"

"I say 'yes,'" I answered, ever so quickly, for I had been wondering myself, that minute, whether Doris would mind my suggesting that very thing.

"Well," Doris began to whisper, although there was no need for that since there was no one in the classroom but ourselves. "Helen and I are giving a dance at People's Institute, Friday night. Our mothers have decided that we could have it there because we are going to invite the whole senior class and neither of our houses is big enough for that."

Ellen was enthusiastic.  
"But why is it a secret, since  
we're all to be invited?" she  
asked.

"It won't be a secret, of course, when the invitations are done and given. We're finishing them tonight. You'd better come over and help. Tomorrow, when everybody's out at recess, we'll put 'em on the desks. But until that minute nobody must know. It's this way—" And then she told Ellen about Ralph and Max. Those two boys have been taking Doris and me to dances and picnics for more than two years. And although we were to be giving this dance ourselves, it would be downtown away from our houses, and naturally the boys in the class would invite the special girls they wanted to go down with them. That is the way we do in Peterville. Now Doris and I knew perfectly well that if everyone knew about the dance at once, just any boy might get to us first with his offer of himself as an escort; and it's embarrassing, unless you are already dated, to

# Plays a New Game

"*plith a lace handkerchief doll," say the girls of the Peterville*  
*gridiron agrees with them*

Illustrations  
by Edward Monks

refuse an invitation like that.

But Ellen looked merely puzzled. "Don't you see," I finished Doris's explanation for her, "Don't you see, my dear, that we're keeping it a secret until tomorrow just to give Max and Ralph their chances? We'd rather go with them than anybody else. And we gave them their invitations just now as they were going out to practice."

"Oh, yes, I see. But it isn't a secret any longer then. They've asked you?"

"Oh, no. There wasn't time. They haven't even read the notes yet, probably. And, my dear, you must remember that it *is* a secret, a dead secret, until tomorrow."

Ellen promised. But her next words made us laugh. She cried out suddenly, not bothering even to whisper. "Oh girls! Do give me my chance, too. Let me have an invitation to give to Don Riggs now, when he comes in. I'm like you, I don't want to have to refuse others until I can say I'm really dated!"

Did I say we laughed? Well, we didn't. We shouted. But Ellen didn't seem to mind our glee. She simply sat there, swinging her feet, and looking down with those pathetic dark eyes of hers (which don't mean a thing, really) onto the practice field where Don's red head was very much in evidence. "I do think he is the most interesting boy in the class," she stated calmly, "And not only the most interesting, either. He's the *jolliest*, and the most fun."

"Of course, he is the most interesting," Doris chortled. "You don't have to be in Peterville High three days to become aware of that obvious fact, my dear. But what makes you so certain he is a dancing man? Or that if he were, he hasn't a girl already?"

And then, between us, we told her about Don. He is the oldest of a big family of red-headed children. There are five younger sisters as well as two boys who look up to him with adoring eyes. That may be the reason for his indifference to girls; he has quite enough of them at home. So far as we can see, he has only three interests in life: higher mathematics (he's gone way beyond High School there), athletics, and the game of taking his father's old flivver all to bits and then putting it together again. As for dances, who ever saw him in a tuck? It's quite certain he can't dance.

Ellen listened eagerly to all our information. But in the end she had not been impressed, for she murmured perfectly complacently, "Oh, all that's nothing. Before Fri-

day I could teach him to dance. Doris and Helen, darlings, do write him his invitation now on school paper (it won't matter) and give it to him when he comes up. Sometimes I'm dreadfully lucky, really. And he may ask me."

"You certainly will be dreadfully lucky if he does ask you!" I warned her. "It would be only a kind of magic luck that would bring *that* miracle about."

Doris and I were very nearly hysterical with giggling by that time. But we scribbled the invitation just the same, although the bell had already rung and the room was filling up. We even managed to tack on a P. S., as we had to Max's and Ralph's: *Please keep the dance a dead secret until tomorrow.* But we made Ellen hand the note to Don herself. Like every other girl in Peterville, Doris and I feel a little awkward in the face of the "captain's" indifference.

Of course, it went just as we had warned Ellen that it would.

Don looked a little surprised when the new girl walked over to his desk and laid a note under his nose. But neither when he had read it nor during the day did I see him so much as glance in Ellen's direction. Going home from school he overtook us as we were crossing the common. He spoke to Doris and me, but even then I couldn't see that he was so much as aware of Ellen's existence. He said in his quick impersonal way:

"Many thanks for your invitation, girls. But I won't be able to come, for I'm busy Friday night. Yes, busy with that flivver puzzle game!"

"Well, now what are you going to do?" we asked Ellen when he had gone on. She looked so openly downcast that we were sorry for her.

"I don't exactly know," she replied thoughtfully. "But there must be *some* way. He is so jolly."

"My dear, what do you mean by 'jolly'?" Doris laughed. "He's a perfectly great football captain and he's the hero of the school, I suppose. But he's not exactly jolly, you know. At least not with girls. You keep saying it!"

"I mean—I mean what father means when he says 'jolly,' I guess. Nice to have around—*jolly*."

We shouted again, Doris and I. Who could help it? Ellen certainly adds to *our* jollity. But we thought just the same that Ellen's luck was wavering. We knew positively that although she might have anything else she wanted in Peterville, she would never have Don Riggs for an escort to anything. He is a boy's boy and nothing more.



*Would you believe it—there was Ellen in the sand pile, making mud-pies with the Riggs baby*

"I saw your father yesterday," I remarked then, wanting to cheer Ellen up, for she was beginning to look a little dashed by our continuous laughter. "Do you know, I think he's just too handsome! He makes me think of Douglas Fairbanks. It must be nice to live in the Hall"—(The Hall is the finest house in Peterville and the Knights have rented it furnished for the year they are to be here)—"and have three servants just for you two, and order the meals yourself. My mother says that most fathers would make you have a housekeeper and not let you do just as you like. At supper last night I really thought you were like some heroine in a story. It didn't seem real. Do you always dress for supper?" The night before Mr. Knight had been in Albany and Ellen had had Doris and me for supper. It was quite magnificent, really, two maids waiting on us at once, and Ellen in a chiffon evening dress.

"The Hall is jolly, isn't it. Do you know the beechwood behind us is just bursting with birds?"

I sighed. "Jolly" again! And Ellen does seem to miss the point so often! When I was much younger and read *Alice in Wonderland* I used to be bothered in the same way. Alice did have such truly wonderful experiences. They stirred something deep in me. Imagine getting into another room through the looking glass, a room that is your room and still isn't! Why, I couldn't look at a glass for years without my heart beating. But Alice took it so much as a matter of course. I never once felt that she was really thrilled and I wanted her to be. And now I'm feeling exactly the same about Ellen. She's a girl surrounded by wonders if ever a girl was and she takes everything perfectly calmly, even her father's big sedan and the liveried chauffeur which are hers whenever she wants them.

And now all she could say about the palatial Hall was—"It is jolly, isn't it? Do you know the beechwood is just bursting with birds?" And suddenly she had dropped our arms, for as usual she was walking between us, and skipped ahead.

But this time she did not turn around and wait for us on the corner. She had come up with one of Don's red-headed sisters on the sidewalk, Anna, who is a senior although she is only fourteen and a mere child. She mostly plays with Freshmen or even grammar school children. She is a long-legged girl with freckles and a peculiarly shrill whistle. And now she was whistling her shrillest and bouncing a ball as she walked. We saw Ellen speak to her. We heard the whistle stop. And there they were, *their arms around each other's waists*, turning down Anna's street toward the Riggs house! Not very subtle, do you think?

When Doris and I got to the corner we looked down the

street and saw Anna introducing Ellen to her mother who stood on the front piazza with the last red-headed baby in her arms. But, alas for Ellen's schemes. Don was nowhere in sight.

However, we soon forgot about Ellen, developing troubles of our own; for Max and Ralph did not come near us that afternoon. And all the evening they neither called us up nor appeared at our houses. The next morning it was the same. Those two boys had a way of vanishing together whenever Doris and I arrived. It was perfectly obvious that, far from seeking us out, they were doing their best to avoid us. Now we knew. They did not mean to invite us to the dance with them!

By recess time we realized that there was nothing to do but put all the invitations on the desks as we had planned, and then accept the first boys who got to us. For there is no point in being hypocritically humble. We knew perfectly well, Doris and I, that we were the two most popular girls in the class.

But we knew wrong. For after recess the world turned over, right upside down for us. When the bell rang and the class came drifting in, Doris and I were in our usual retreat, the window ledge, and Ellen was standing at the board finishing a map she had begun that morning. The seniors made me think of a flock of birds the way they swooped down on the little square creamy envelopes which held our invitations. And then, so suddenly that I didn't

realize what was going on really, the whole flock rose—or rather the boy part of it—and there was Ellen turned about from the board, the center of beating wings! They were waving their invitations at her. Every boy in the class was flapping and crowing, offering himself as her escort to the dance!

All except Ralph and Max. They merely sat stolidly at their desks, looking gloomy. At first this was a relief to me, but only for an instant. Then it dawned: of course, Max and Ralph had already spoken for Ellen. That explained their avoidance of Doris and me clearly at last. But which of them had she accepted? She wouldn't be going with both of them. Or would she?

She had climbed up on to the instructor's chair now and stood balancing herself against the board. She is a funny child, for instead of laughing and being excited she merely seemed bothered. For some reason or other her dark eyes looked even a little more pathetic than usual when she held up her hand and said: "Listen, please." Then you could have heard a pin drop. There's a dimple in Ellen's left cheek that keeps your throat from tightening too much at the childish melancholy of her eyes. It was quite deep now. I breathed again, noticing it. She spoke in her ordinary voice, just as though it were merely herself and Doris and I alone. "It's dreadfully jolly of all you boys to be so friendly," she said, "but I couldn't have gone with you all anyway, so it's quite easy to refuse. And you see I am expecting to go with some one else."

At whom would she glance now across the heads of all those silly, disappointed boys—Max or Ralph? Doris and I were feeling very queer, to say the least. Well, she didn't glance at either. She was looking hard at Don who was just coming in at the door with the instructor, and the two of them were so much interested in some discussion or other—higher mathematics probably—that neither of them so much as noticed Ellen standing on the chair.

Then the scene faded, melted, you know, as it does in



*She sat frozen during the first dance, not even pretending to be happy by herself—but to be left alone a whole evening. What should she do?*

the movies. The boys somehow got sorted into their places. Ellen came down from the chair before the instructor was ready to sit in it, and the session began.

Doris and I hardly exchanged glances; there was no need to, for we were certainly thinking the same thoughts. And the chiefest thought was that whatever girl in the senior class came to our dance now would have to come as second fiddle to Ellen. Would they do that? Was the whole thing, the dance we had planned so hard and worked so happily for, going to be ruined now? We couldn't let that happen. We ourselves would accept whichever boys asked us first just to show the rest of the girls that it could be done in spite of pride. But with whom was Ellen going, Max or Ralph?

Before the last period we discovered that she was going with neither of them. For during Geometry hour, notes were passed to Doris and me from Max and Ralph, inviting us. We didn't answer then, of course. We'd make them wait a bit. But after school, when they approached us quite humbly to take the matter up, we accepted them, though coolly. And the other girls fixed things up, about the same way.

Still remained the burning question, with whom was Ellen Knight expecting to go to the dance? We didn't ask her, for a self-conscious aloofness had come between her and us and anyway she was chumming with Anna Riggs now, not with us. We pretended as best we could to forget about her and to be happy with our own companionship. We didn't even discuss her with each other very much. It was too sore a topic.

But Friday night, while we were prinking in the dressing-room, early, before going in to stand to receive our guests, Doris said emphatically, apropos of nothing at all, "I don't believe she's got a partner, Helen. She'll have to come alone. Ralph says it isn't a boy in the class, anyway, and we haven't asked anybody outside. So you see—"

I agreed. And then Doris went on to something I had dismissed already. "Has Max told you?" she asked. "The boys have some scheme or other. I don't know exactly what. But they're going to teach her a lesson tonight. They think she's too conceited."

"No. Max hasn't actually *told* me anything. But I've sort of put two and two together," I replied. "I don't know what she could have expected, I am sure. Why did she have to make that public statement that she was going with somebody else?"

"She didn't say just that," Doris reminded me. "She merely said she *expected*. I guess it was Don Riggs she expected, though Heaven knows why. That's what the boys guess, too, and they think it's a great joke on her." "Well, I can't help being a little sorry for her," I began. But I had to stop, for there was Ellen herself, the very first of our guests to arrive. She looked so eager and expectant!

"Father brought me but I told him he needn't come up," she explained as she brushed her curls, standing on tiptoe before the high dim mirror in the dressing room. "Do you know, this is the very first formal dance I've ever been to and it's dreadfully exciting—though jolly, too."

Suddenly my heart melted. I wanted to rush to her and  
(Continued on page 53)



# Romance on the Broad Highway

*—and in the small by-ways, too; we may still catch the perfume of Romance if we travel the roads where she has passed by*

**T**HREE is nothing in the world so delightful as a pleasant and intelligent daughter. When she is little she is as charming as she can be and the larger she gets the more charming she grows. But the most satisfactory feature about a daughter is that just when you have reached middle-age and are beginning to be what New Englanders call "sot in your ways," she is as tall as you are, and if she takes the proper interest in your welfare, makes it her business to see that you do not stay in a groove, but that you keep moving, if only to keep in sight of her. Had it not been for my daughter, I would never have taken those walks abroad.

To be sure I had proved in Vermont that I could go twenty miles a day if necessary, and as Vermont miles go either straight up or straight down I think they should count for more than on a level road. But though I had often longed to walk among the hedgerows of England or the fields of France I never really started to do it until one June day in London when my daughter said the only way to hear a skylark was to lie on your back in a field far out in the country and watch the tiny speck filling the sky with music, until it came dropping down, down into the grass, still singing till with the last note it touched the nest.

"Let's go for a walk for a week," said she, "and if we don't go soon there won't be any more skylarks singing this year." So we went, just like that.

We don't pack for our walks. I wear a wool jersey one-piece dress that doesn't show dust and which sheds water: so does my hat. The dress has two deep pockets; into one goes a folding toothbrush and comb and a tube of cold cream; into the other a change-purse and a roll of Express Company checks. Besides this my daughter carried for both of us a small shopping-bag woven of string: this held two silk nightgowns and came in handy for maps that we bought along the way. If we needed stockings we bought them and mailed the others home; whatever we gathered during the day we mailed back at night, except for one book at a time, about which I will tell you later on—indeed, these books are the reason I am telling you about our walks. You have no idea how inspiring it is to be quite free of things, to start off across the country with what you stand up in, and no more.

We started not only without luggage but without more

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The decorations on this and the facing page  
are by Pamela Bianco*

than the beginning of a plan. We had had enough of traveling by schedule and having to be at a certain place at a certain time when quite possibly we would rather be

somewhere else, so we decided to go one hour out of London by train and start from wherever that might be; you can't think how many exciting places there are an hour away from London. We settled on Winchester, because one of the loveliest of cathedrals is there and the country beyond is rolling and sparkles with little rivers; also we knew that if we should keep on for quite a while we might come to Stonehenge, the mysterious monoliths some think were raised by the Druids three thousand years ago and others believe to be older even than that. It would be worth a long walk, we thought, to watch the sun set beyond these strange stones where ages ago long-forgotten men had watched and perhaps worshipped the sun.

So we left London very early in the morning and by way of tuning up for the walk roamed over Winchester Cathedral. I must tell you one thing that happened there because it has a moral for girls who intend some day to go abroad. We were looking about the choir when we nearly stumbled over an unmarked tomb in the floor of the chancel before the altar, made of iron and shaped like a square-topped Norman shield. A woman came by on her way to dust the stalls and we asked her who was buried there. "William Rufus, mem," said she, and went on dusting.

My daughter and I caught each other's eyes and gasped. Under our feet lay the red-beard son of William the Conqueror, arrogant and cruel, so hated—and with reason—by his subjects that when one day he was killed by an arrow in the New Forest his body lay unattended until a charcoal-burner huddled it into his cart and brought it by night to the Cathedral. Here, lest the outraged people break in and interrupt the burial, a grave was hastily opened within the sanctuary and the king lowered at midnight, by torchlight, with—according to the old chronicle—"few watching and none caring." The scene seemed to flash back into life as she spoke the name—the torch-flare upon the ring of dark, downbent faces, the hurried murmur of prayers; the last scene in the wild life of William the Red played again for us. Just then two ladies came along and asked the woman the same question. When she gave the same reply they just said "Oh!" and strolled on with-

out a gleam of recognition. The moral is that if you want to enjoy yourself in England or any foreign country, the more history you know the better, and do start early with it: I remember telling my daughter that William Rufus story when she was eight years old.

So we stopped at Winchester Castle to see King Arthur's Round Table—I don't believe it was really his, but it is an immense circular table with his place and those of all his knights painted on it, and was a very old and famous table in the time of Henry the Eighth—and then set off over the downs toward Romsey. This is the country described by W. H. Hudson in *A Shepherd's Life*, because we knew that book so well it was as if we had met each of the flocks before. But no matter how many descriptions you may have read of English thatched cottages and their gardens, they always seem impossibly beautiful when you see them, like something in a dream.

By the next day we were on Roman roads, the roads left by the soldiers of Julius Caesar, though some of them are now little more than tracks across meadows. But they are made of flint and go straight as a line, and as we swung along them my daughter chanted one of the very songs the soldiers sang as they marched:—

*Mil'le accid'imus,  
Mil'le Samar'tas,  
Mil'le, mil'le,  
Per'sos quaer'imus.*

It was as if the "Gallic Wars" had come out of the school-book, as if those *militiae Romani* you translated in your Caesar lesson might be marching on ahead, leading the way along their own road to their own camp. For we were heading for Old Sarum, a ruin that was a Roman camp and city. And after that we put up our maps all together and set out straight across the vast expanse of Salisbury Plain to where far, far in the distance we could just see Stonehenge. It took us all one day to reach it and when we did the sun was setting, as we had hoped. Did you ever read *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*? Then you know how that

pitiful and superb story comes to a climax at Stonehenge.

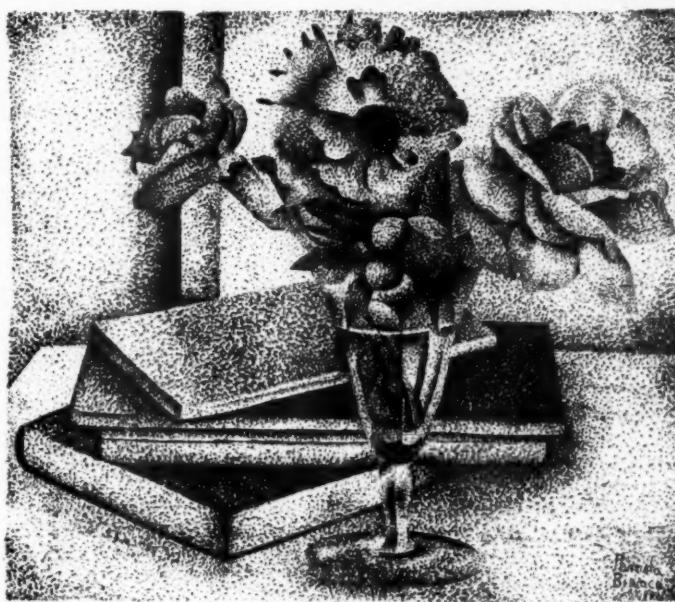
Curiously it is not the historical characters that make places most interesting, but the people who lived there only in books. A few miles further on we stopped at an ancient abbey in Amesbury because it was there, according to the *Idylls of the King*, that Guinevere took refuge after her treachery was discovered: Arthur came there to say farewell. I'm not sure that there ever was a historic Guinevere, but poets have made her real enough, more real than some flesh-and-blood royalties. So in the same town I found to my delight that the inn where we slept was the original "Blue Dragon" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. I had thought I didn't know a soul in the place, but when they told me that, I seemed to see Mrs. Lupin, roses on her cheeks and roses on her petticoat, bustling about the bar, and jolly Mark Tapley whistling across the inn-yard.

But if you want to take a Dickens walk, choose the country around Rochester. He lived at Gad's Hill nearby, and some of the funniest scenes in *Pickwick* take place in the "Bull" inn, which is just as it was then. But the novel you must read to enjoy the town properly is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* story. It is the one Dickens left unfinished at his death, but don't let that stop you: it only makes the mystery more thrilling. We had read it over and over, but we had to have a copy to read on the spot, so we bought a pocket edition. We had tea in the room where Datchery kept his watch on John Jasper in the gatehouse, and read about it to each other quietly over the buns: the Nun's House, where Rosa Bud went to school, is now a museum, but the house and garden are unchanged.

There's no end of Dickens houses in and around the town, and in Canterbury, where some of the best scenes of *David Copperfield* are laid.

But we were not thinking so much about Dickens in Canterbury, for we had walked there by the Pilgrim's Way and our minds were set on Chaucer. Five hundred years ago he

(Continued on page 58)



## Books

By HILDA CONKLING

Books, books that I love so,  
Poetry . . . fairy-tales . . . stories . . .  
All of them together make one huge book  
Broad as a mountain  
With golden pages  
And pictures of long ago.  
I read and I read . . . of living . . . of thoughts . . .  
Of queer things people tell:  
If I could I would buy that huge book,  
All the world in one!  
But it cannot be bought  
For one penny or two.

From "Shoes of the Wind"  
Frederick A. Stokes Company





Mystery—persistent and baffling—and to face, these are the undercurrents of Harriet Jane Abbott's new serial of a girl who is

# Heart's

Illustrations by Charles A. Duyos

## CHAPTER III *The Adventure Begins*

"New Yor-r-uk!" bawled the porter.

Harriet, following Mrs. Macomber down the aisle of the car, turned her head for a last long look at the emptying car. She had reached her journey's end and she wanted to say goodbye to everything. She would like to say a real goodbye to the girl-in-the-seat-across, who had boarded the train at Cleveland, but that was not possible for Mrs. Macomber had forbidden her to speak to anyone.

"Don't you speak to any strangers, Harriet," had been the first and a fixed inhibition of the ride across the continent. Mrs. Macomber, in pursuance of her duty, had placed other inhibitions; she had not let Harriet eat certain fruits on the menu for fear of carsickness, or buy any of the candies offered by persuasive car-peddlers, nor had she permitted Harriet to go out and walk at any of the little railway stations as the other passengers had, for fear she might be left behind. There had been no wandering around in Chicago; Mrs. Macomber had had a headache and had spent the day in the room of a cheap little hotel, but she had kept Harriet close to her. These restrictions had been annoying but mildly so compared to the stern maxim of leaving strangers alone.

"They may be wolves in sheep's clothing, for all you know," Mrs. Macomber had warned. None of Harriet's fellow passengers had looked like the mildest kind of wolves. Their demeanor, for the most part, had been sheep-like. They had slept most of the time, with newspapers over their heads. They were old and fattish and fussy like Mrs. Macomber. But the girl who had boarded the train at Cleveland had not been like that. Harriet thought she was only a little older than herself. She wore a trim suit of blue cloth and a little hat that matched in color and fitted tight to her wavy hair; the sheerest of stockings encased her slender legs, of which far too much showed for Mrs. Macomber's approval, and her feet were shod in high-heeled pumps. Harriet thought her the prettiest girl she had ever seen.

Harriet had regretted immensely not being able to tell this fellow traveler about her going to Aunt Marcia's. It would have been so nice to tell someone, to talk out loud about it. And about Aunt Marcia's marrying a Frenchman and living abroad and singing. When Harriet was not watching the wonders through which she was passing, wonders of new mountains and new deserts, the flat lands of Kansas, the rolling green meadows of New York, vistas that stretched away from the eyes like great painted pictures, she was thinking of Aunt Marcia and the life to which she was speeding. That had furnished such food

**T**HREE is something about that heavy square white envelope that breathes excitement to Harriet. Certainly the postman had never before brought such a one to Rose Ranch, in California. And then father is so secretive about it. It is from his half-sister, Marcia, he finally says. "You've never heard of her," he admits. "She ran away and married a Frenchman when she was a girl, and has lived abroad since. She sang in opera until she lost her voice, and after her first husband's death, she married an Englishman. She is very wealthy, I believe."

But the letter: "I've come back to America to live," Harriet reads, "and I want youth about me—girl youth. Send your girl to me in New York; I want to put substance into her reaching hands. Of what use is wealth, if it cannot make some one's dreams come true?"

Oh, she *must* go, Harriet thinks, and so does mother. Father reluctantly consents.

There are great preparations before Harriet finally boards the train with Mrs. Macomber who is traveling all the way to New York with her to see her safely into her aunt's house.

When father says goodbye at the station, he gives her a long, white envelope. "Open it if you are ever unhappy where you are going," he says. And Harriet is suddenly afraid of her new adventure so far from home and the warm love of father and mother and her brother Rodney.

and new and perplexing situations  
in Harriet's fascinating adventure in  
wets out in quest of her

# it'Desire

by Charles Andrew Bryson

for dreaming that anyone observing her tense little body, her bright eyes, might have wondered whither and to what adventure this girl was bound!

"New Yor-r-uk!" The porter made it sound different from Buffalo, from Rochester, from Syracuse, even "Chicago," as of course he should. Behind Mrs. Macomber, Harriet stepped out into the dim tunnel of the platform. Everyone was hurrying. Mrs. Macomber was hurrying to keep up with the red-capped porter who had taken her bags. It seemed that they must walk the last lap of the journey, so long was the platform.

But they came at last into a great, brilliantly lighted room full of orderly confusion, people crowding, straining to pick out familiar faces among the new arrivals, porters running, shouting, policemen standing like sentinels. Mrs. Macomber bade Harriet hold tight to her arm. The apprehensive lady looked a little frenzied, as though she herself would like to hold tight to something. The porter made way for them through the crowd, led them through a door and dexterously shoved them into a waiting taxi.

Mrs. Macomber sank back into the seat with a little gasp. "Goodness knows, we may be going to our death," she groaned, as the car jumped forward, lurched, rocked, turned sharply with a mighty honking of a horn that roused deafening echoes and answers from other horns. "Dear me, I should have told him to go slow. I will, first chance I get."

"Oh, look! There's the girl," cried Harriet, suddenly alert. Another yellow car had whirled past them and through its window Harriet had spied her recent traveling companion. The slim, blue-clad figure was lounging comfortably in a corner, with no concern for the perils of taxi-riding. "I'll never see her again," said Harriet, regretfully.

"See who?" queried Mrs. Macomber. But her mind was on her own plight. "I wish I had asked for a careful driver. Oh, dear, what's he stopping for now? I'll speak to him." She tapped on the window before her. "Go slower, please, young man. Go *very* slow."

Harriet did not mind Mrs. Macomber's apprehensions; she had had five days of them and, anyway, this was New York. It was almost dark. Lights were flashing, thousands of them, all about her, above her. Great gray walls rose and met the sky. Or, no, there was no sky, for the walls seemed to meet overhead and shut her in a mammoth cavern.

Somewhere among the lights in this breath-taking confusion waited Aunt Marcia, waited Aunt Marcia's home that must be like a palace, waited adventure!



*Harriet wished she might tell her about Aunt Marcia and her adventure*

The taxi turned sharply into a broader avenue. Here there were as many lights but less confusion. And little by little the street grew quieter, the speed of the car steadied, so that even Mrs. Macomber ventured a normal breath. Then there were trees and patches of grass and finally a great space of park with the silver of water showing through the dark blur of green.

"Maybe Aunt Marcia lives there," thought Harriet, excitedly. She leaned from the seat, straining to glimpse through the window the shadows of a house beyond the trees, a house befitting Aunt Marcia.

Again the taxi turned, now into a narrow street, almost deserted. The taxi driver had slowed down and was peering out at the street numbers over the doors which, each one like the other, topped little flights of steps all alike. "Does he think Aunt Marcia lives here?" Harriet thought contemptuously. She wanted Mrs. Macomber to tell her he was making a mistake.

But he stopped, jumped out and opened the door of the taxi. "Here you are," he explained. "Kind o' nervous?" he asked Mrs. Macomber.

That good lady was comparing the number in the fan-light over a doorway with a written card in her pocket-book. "This is it," she verified to Harriet's dismay. "Well, you're here, Harriet, at last."

Harriet lifted her gaze to the closed door. It was not an inviting door. Suddenly she wanted to stay with Mrs. Macomber, fussy, broad-bosomed Mrs. Macomber, who belonged to the life she knew. "Get out, Harriet, you're here," Mrs. Macomber was saying again. Mrs. Macomber began directing the taxi driver to separate the luggage.

Reluctantly Harriet climbed out, her heart sinking to her feet, making of them heavy things she dragged with difficulty. Where before she had felt an exhilarating sense of adventure, now in the same measure she suffered panic, dismay. That closed door, that forbidding wall of shuttered windows offered no welcome. She felt very small, very much alone.

At the top of the little flight of steps she turned uncertainly, moved for a moment to run back to Mrs. Macomber. But the taxi driver had rung the bell. While she was hesitating the door opened back letting out a flood of light. A man confronted her. "Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish's niece?" he was asking and at the same time he was taking her bags from the taxi man. Still moving on those strange leaden things that were her feet, she walked in. Then she heard the door close behind her.

The man did not say a word. He walked ahead and she followed him through the hallway and up a stairway. Here a maid met them. "Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish's niece?" she asked as the other had asked. She took the smaller of the bags. Then the three of them traversed another hallway, broader than the first but more silent, past shut doors, and in single file mounted another flight of stairs. A sense of the ridiculous seized Harriet. A laugh almost broke through the lump in her throat. Would they meet another at the head of those stairs and mount on up another flight, and up and up until they made an endless procession?

When the maid said, "Miss Aileen has taken the blue room, Saunders. Put Miss Harriet in the rose room," Harriet almost jumped. But she gave a quick breath of relief. The maid was human. They were *not* going to go on mounting stairs without number.

In the rose room, the man gone, the maid began deftly disposing of Harriet's possessions, moving noiselessly. And Harriet stood quite still, watching her. She wanted to ask: "Where is Aunt Marcia?" but she did not dare speak to this unsmiling creature whose hands moved with such precision and so quietly.

Possibly the serving woman softened a little to the loneliness of the standing, waiting figure. She turned and lifted her face from Harriet's open bag.

"I am Bettine, Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish's own maid." She said it as though that were a great honor. "My lady told me to look after you tonight. You might have had the blue room if you'd come five minutes sooner. But the other young lady liked it better. It's larger than this and looks to the south. And my lady said the one of you who came first was to have it. The other one doesn't come

until close on to midnight and she'll have to put up with what's left." Without smiling she turned back to her work.

"Oh, this room is nice," Harriet began quickly. She had been too heavy with embarrassment to see in detail how really nice was the room for which Bettine was apologizing. She could not do so now with this grim-faced woman near her. She barely managed to ask: "When—when will I see Aunt Marcia?"

"Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish will see you in the morning at eleven o'clock." Bettine walked to the door. "She gave orders that I was to bring you some supper to your room as you may like a bite after your journey." With that the woman went out and closed the door.

Harriet dropped into the nearest chair. She wanted to cry, she was going to cry when suddenly her hands felt the satiny texture of the cushions against which she was sitting. She blinked back the threatening flood. She poked at the cushion. Then her eyes caught the lines of the little rose-shaded night lamp by her bed. She ran to it. That was what her mother always had wanted—a lamp right by her bed! And this was such a beautiful one. Then her glance swept to the dressing table, a-glitter with silver and cut-glass, curiously shaped little bottles, brushes, trays. She gasped at them, fingered them gingerly. Near the window stood a small, flat-topped desk, stocked with monogrammed writing paper. Over the fireplace were shelves filled with books. A soft rug of white fur lay before the open fire hearth.

No, she could not cry. She tip-toed from bed lamp to dressing table, to desk, back again, around and around. She exclaimed softly under her breath. She stroked the satin hangings at the window, drawn now to shut out the night. She let herself down gingerly into the cushions of the chaise longue pulled up at the fireplace.

From the Aunt Marcia who could wait until eleven o'clock the next day to see her, from the grim maid with the button-hole mouth and slits for eyes, from those long silent outer halls with their shut doors, from all the strange things that were ahead of her, these soft-toned walls held her for the time like friendly arms. She relaxed to their friendliness. She rallied to something of her old excitement.

Who was Miss Aileen? And who the "other young lady" who would not come until midnight? She wished she'd asked Bettine. Funny, to eat supper shut up in one's room, as though one were being punished. And what was Aunt Marcia like? Now in her imagining she had to make a new Aunt Marcia, one to fit in with these silent forbidding halls, an Aunt Marcia who knew she was coming and had not come out to meet her.

Bettine returned, bearing a tray, followed by the man servant wheeling a small tea wagon. With wide eyes Harriet watched their swift manoeuvering. In a twinkling the man had the wagon in place near the chaise longue and the maid had spread out cold chicken, hot biscuits, steaming cocoa. Harriet hoped violently that they would not stay to watch her eat it, or worse still, maybe feed her!

But the man, Saunders, withdrew and Bettine turned to the bed, opened it, hunted out Harriet's nightdress and her slippers. When she disappeared into the adjoining bathroom Harriet fell upon the food, eating rapidly in great mouthfuls so as to finish before Bettine came in again.

Presently Bettine came back and looked down at the half-eaten supper.

"Are you done?" she asked briefly.

"Yes. I'm not very hungry. I ate on the train—early, you know."

## Chuting Home

Black dark—and suspended in the midst of it an airplane. Then the storm broke. Whirling air currents spun the craft; others dropped it a thousand feet at a sickening speed, only to catch it again and send it sky-rocketing upward. And in this frail thing of wood and linen and wire were Lieutenant Slim Edwards and Curly Saks—Curly of whom Slim had said, "She's the nerviest flier I ever saw—and a thirteen-year-old girl at that."

A story of breath-taking thrills, in the December issue, and it is

By  
THOMSON BURTIS

"Then you will want to go to bed." Bettine propelled the small wagon toward the door. "You will find your things ready." She hesitated, looked at Harriet. "Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish said you would *want* to go to bed," she repeated, that there might be no doubt as to Harriet's doing it.

"Good night," she said, from the door.

Harriet looked at the closed door. "I don't believe she wants me here," she thought with sudden conviction. She had caught something like personal resentment in the woman's narrow eyes.

Harriet undressed quickly. Aunt Marcia need not worry—she wanted to go to bed. She wanted to crawl under those soft covers, pull them up over her face and cry.

Ready for bed, clad only in her scant night-dress Harriet stood forlornly in the center of the room. She was not quite sure she was ready to turn off the lights; she wanted someone to kiss her goodnight. In all her whole life she had not gone to sleep without a goodnight kiss. Even Mrs. Macomber with fussy concern had tucked her into her berth each night of the journey. She was wishing it so hard that hot tears began to smart her eyes and roll down her cheeks. She was wishing it so much that she did not hear the door open softly. She turned only when she heard her name called in a low voice.

"Aunt Marcia!" she cried. Her loneliness rushed over her in a flood. She ran to the woman who had entered so quietly, flung her arms about her neck. "Oh, I'm so glad you came. I—I wanted—someone." And then she hid her face on the strange shoulder and gave vent to childish weeping.

"Why, my dear child, you're shivering. You must put something on. Sit down and I'll find your robe. I thought you might be lonely. I'm glad I came in." The soft rich voice soothed Harriet, warmed her to her heart's core. "Aunt Marcia" brought her plain little wrapper and put it on her. "There, now, that's better. Sit down here where I can sit beside you. We'll have a nice talk. Did Bettine make you comfortable?"

Harriet could not answer for looking at this Aunt Marcia. She was all anyone could want; to be sure she was

not in the least as she had pictured her, for her dress was extremely simple and she wore no jewels, but her face was beautiful with a charm Harriet felt though she could not define, a charm of dark eyes and tenderly curved lips and finely arched brows and sensitive chin. The dark eyes were smiling and the lips were smiling and their owner put one arm around Harriet and drew her close to her.

"Aunt Marcia—" Harriet began when the arm that held her pressed her ever so gently.

"Wait a minute, my dear. I am not your Aunt Marcia. I am only Miss Pepper, her secretary. But I hope we're going to be very good friends."

## CHAPTER IV

### Introduces Aunt Marcia

Harriet wakened to a sense of someone calling her. Mother, perhaps—it must be late. Through the curtains at the windows slanted dusty bars of sunshine.

But, no, it had not been mother; mother was miles and miles away. She huddled back into the pillows on that thought. But on the heels of it came another. Maybe Miss Pepper had called. She lay very still, listening. Then she shook her head. It was silly to think *anyone called*; no one would do it in this house of silence. She'd fancied it.

She lay still looking about her at the pretty walls, the dainty refinements of the room. And she thought of Miss Pepper. Oh, she liked Miss Pepper.

Miss Pepper had "tucked" her in bed, had kissed her goodnight. It had been easy talking to Miss Pepper, telling her about Mother and Dad and Rodney and Rose Ranch. Perhaps she talked too much.

She had asked Miss Pepper if she thought she'd be afraid of Aunt Marcia. "Well, I am, often," Miss Pepper had laughed. If Miss Pepper could laugh about being afraid sometimes of Aunt Marcia, Harriet was not going to be dismayed. She'd laugh, too.

Miss Pepper had told her who Aileen was. Aileen was a cousin, several times removed, whom Aunt Marcia had summoned just as she had summoned her. And the "other one," who had not arrived until midnight, was Cynthia Wayne, "who hangs on another branch of the Wayne tree," Miss Pepper laughingly

explained. Harriet had been delighted at the prospect of other girls sharing her adventures. She had admitted that she did not know she had these relatives, and she felt an eager curiosity to meet them. "I hope you'll be very happy together," Miss Pepper had said. Then she had added: "Your Aunt Marcia hopes you will be happy, too—all of you."

Soon a healthy hunger assailed Harriet's musings. She  
(Continued on page 40)



To have her supper served in her room by Aunt Marcia's maid—it was all part of the delicious new life, a little lonely, though

# Trails to the End of the Rainbow

*A dozen ways of reaching the fabled pot of gold—of making money for little frivolities and larger necessities*

HAVE you been looking longingly at a lovely new party dress, billowy and colorful, a frivolous bit of jewelry, or even the more practical and jaunty sports sweater the other girls are wearing? Is there a lovely picture, desk or chair that would just fit into your room? Are you wondering about a much longed for trip to camp?

But—the money?

Nelle, a hustling girl from Alabama, had longings just like yours. Now she is the happiest, busiest girl you can imagine. She has always been interested in hand sewing and making dainty garments. With this special gift of hers she has earned money in the most fascinating way by making dainty smocked frocks for small children. It was not altogether easy at first. She spent an entire winter practising smocking stitches and becoming expert at the work. The first garments she sold were the simplest little rompers with only a small amount of the hand work on them. That was five years ago. Now her garments are sold through some of the leading women's exchanges and through individual orders, and range from the very plain hand-made coat dress of gingham to the daintiest party frocks of georgette or crêpe de chine. And with the help of her mother their profits during the past year were almost five hundred dollars.

Not every girl has as much time as Nelle to devote to her money-making project, and can enjoy such large earnings, but there are many others who have discovered the most simple and practical ways of earning.

Only a girl of Betty Anne's originality would have thought of all the little boys and girls who love lollipops and taffy apples. The children pass her home on their way to school and are only too glad to spend their pennies on her tempting wares, sold at a little stand in the front yard. Lollipops are two cents apiece and taffy apples sell for five cents each. She makes them herself from the simple recipe on page 49. She buys the sticks from her butcher, for as you know, the lollipop and taffy apples are mounted on the same kind of stick, called a "skewer," as is used in holding roasts and other cuts of meat in shape. Only bright red apples,

By ANNA COYLE



rather small and of uniform size are used for the taffy apples. They are first mounted on the stick and then dipped in the syrup and allowed to stand to cool and harden. Each lollipop and taffy apple is wrapped in oiled paper to keep out the dust and germs, that careful mothers may be sure their children are getting candy made from the best of materials and carefully protected.

Betty Anne might have gone a step further and featured the Girl Scout lollipop. I am showing you one all dressed in Girl Scout uniform and emblem—so simple to make from a lollipop, crêpe paper, and a button mold. Incidentally, Helen Ferris has christened her, "Gladima Scout."

These should be popular at Girl Scout gatherings, for your special banquet menus and your parties. Full directions for making Gladima lollipops will be found on page 49.

Picture a vacant lot filled with rows and rows of sweet peas and you will know how one "Girl Scout from Iowa" is making her spending money. A truly delightful way for any girl who loves the outdoors and flowers! She had first been very successful in growing the flowers in her own yard, and through the help of the agricultural teacher in her school, she had specialized in sweet peas. Before embarking on her enterprise in a larger way, however, she studied sweet pea culture from government bulletins and consulted the local florists as to the varieties which they might be interested in buying from her.

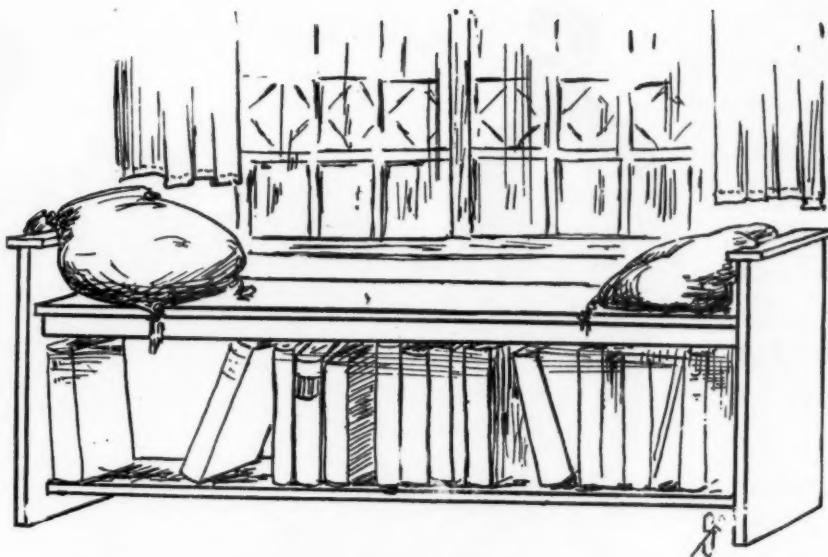
Then she started in. Her only expense was for the first turning of the ground in the spring, for fertilizer, seed, and such small items as string and stakes upon which to train the vines. Today her sweet peas are in demand. She grows only the choicest varieties from seed bought from a very reliable seed house, and she carries out the most approved methods in their cultivation.

The blossoms are gathered very early in the morning while the dew is still on them. They are tied in bunches of twenty-five and placed in water for at least an hour before delivery to the nearby florist who takes every blossom that she can grow. As you may have guessed, this Girl Scout lives in a town which is large enough to demand cut flowers of a choice variety, and hers are truly choice with their long (Cont. on page 48)



*The Girl Scout headquarters of Houston, Texas, with its cake and tea shop and the bike club" in front suggests many plans for troop moneymaking*

*A window seat and bookcase for that snug little corner of your own room where an apple, a cushion, and a book make the world complete*



## The Girl's Workshop

*Bookcases for the girl who likes to hammer and saw*

*With an introduction by GERTRUDE M. BARNES*

FROM your Girl Scout cabins, from your troop rooms, or from the snug little corner of your own room where an apple, a cushion, and a book make the world complete, has come an urgent appeal for directions to make a bookstand or a long, comfortable window seat. The construction of either one of these is not difficult. Why not try them this fall? Your father—or some friend with a carpentry hobby—will help you.

No dimensions are given in these plans; you are left free to plan whatever article you have decided to make, to fit the space it will occupy. For example, the window seat must be necessarily as low or lower than a chair, and in no case higher than the ledge of the window. The floor bookstand should be a little lower than a table; or, if its place is to be at one end of a couch or day-bed, it may be the same height as the end of the day-bed. The table rack should be made to accommodate actual books.

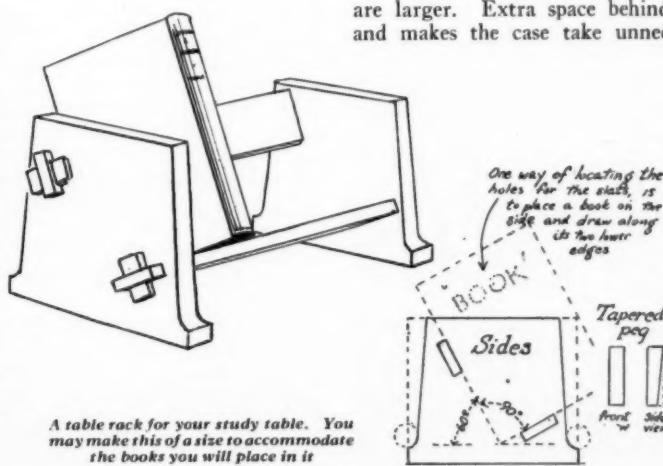
Several general points apply to all bookcase construction. A bookcase or stand is nothing at all if it is not sturdy; therefore avoid shelves supported by nothing more than nails. The ends of shelves had best be fitted into grooves or rabbets in the side walls and secured by long screws; or, if nailed, butt up against the sides, should be supported by cleats or iron elbow braces. A large bookcase should be fastened to the wall where pos-

sible, or should be made rigid with cross braces in the back. Nothing is more disturbing to the peace of mind than a neatly-made and nicely-finished bookcase that collapses to the floor as soon as it is filled with books!

The best wood to use for the smaller stands and racks is white wood, of five or seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. For bookcases resting on the floor, pine, spruce, or white wood is suitable and inexpensive. Oak and maple are more permanent and beautiful but also more costly. Cypress is very satisfactory to work and is unusual. The larger cases require at least seven-eighths-inch thickness for shelves, and one and one-eighth-inch thickness for sides and top.

A usual mistake in building bookcases—even when constructed by professional carpenters—is to use boards that are unnecessarily wide. Eight to ten inches is plenty wide enough for shelves—most adults' books measure only five and one-half or six inches deep, although children's books are larger. Extra space behind the books is not needed and makes the case take unnecessary floor space. Likewise the distance between shelves need not be more than nine or ten inches generally, for the average book is only seven and one-half or eight and one-half inches high. The lowest shelves should be spaced, however, to accommodate larger books—say ten or eleven inches high. If you are building for definite books, why not measure them before you build your case?

As to finish, the best  
(Continued on page 63)



*A table rack for your study table. You may make this of a size to accommodate the books you will place in it*

*Any girl knows that a becoming new dress—a dance frock, at that—may bring about 'most any jolly adventure but who would have imagined that Romance would come from a Thanksgiving visit to an Old Folks' Home?*



EVER since our old Town Hall was built, there's been a dance there on Thanksgiving Eve. Father says he shouldn't know it was Thanksgiving without the dance. He and Mother would no more think of missing it than Bill Raney or I would. In fact, it was at that dance that they met each other way back in the dark ages when the waltz and the two-step were all the rage, and the Boston dip was considered the last thing in elegance.

I was only fifteen the first time I was allowed to go, and then only because Mother and Dad would be there, and all the girls in my class at school. You see, the Thanksgiving dance is a sort of family affair. Of course my parents had to remember how furious I was to be dragged off like a baby just as that stunning Joe Rogers from Belmont (who's the living image of Thomas Meighan) came up for a dance.

Well, those days are over. For the last two years I've stayed till the last horn blew, which I'm sure is as much of a relief to Father as it is to me, for he adores dancing and takes to the new steps like a duck to the water, though he pretends to make fun of them.

This story really has nothing to do with the dance, at least, not directly; yet if it hadn't been for the fact that I'd promised to stop at the Home for the Aged and show my new evening gown to Miss Amy Russell, I'd never have experienced the hectic Thanksgiving day that was to follow, and poor Miss Emery—but there, I'm getting ahead of my story.

It was the first Thanksgiving that Mother and Father had ever been away, and they wouldn't have gone if Father had followed his inclinations; but as the family reunion in Buffalo was his family's, and Mother said she'd be blamed if they weren't present, he was obliged to submit. They took my little brother with them, and tried to take me,

## Thanksgiving it Wa

but I was absolutely firm. There are times when you have to be if you want to continue to call your soul your own. I wouldn't have missed the Thanksgiving dance for a dozen family reunions, though I did feel a twinge of regret at the idea of not seeing Niagara Falls.

I told Mother the unvarnished truth, but she was terribly upset at leaving me alone. She supposed I'd be rejoiced to go, and had already told Hannah that she could spend the vacation at her brother's.

"I hate to disappoint her now," said Mother. "She was so delighted at the prospect."

"Don't, then," said I. "I'll go to the Raney's" (the Raney's have lived next door for years and are just like family to me), "or—"

I stopped short at a perfectly brilliant thought. Our town boasts a select boarding school, Hayden Hall by name, and three of the seniors weren't going home for the holiday. "I'll ask those Hayden girls to spend the day, and we'll cook our own dinner! It will be a lark!"

Well, at last Mother agreed, though she doesn't think much of my powers as a chef. At first I insisted that we'd do everything ourselves, but I gave in when it came to the turkey. Mother thought a chicken would be all right, but I scorned the idea; and when we consulted Dad he took my side.

"What is Thanksgiving without a turkey—a big one?" he demanded. "Let 'em have it, and we'll feast on the left-overs for a week. I like cold turkey."

So Mother arranged with Annie Riley, who helps out everyone in town at such a time, to deliver the beast hot and ready for the table on Thursday. I was to sleep at

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER



*There were all the old people sitting in a circle ready to view my finery*

## *and a Party*

*Illustrations  
by W. C. NIMS*

the Raney's, but get all my own meals, and the thought thrilled me.

The family got off early on Wednesday morning, and for the rest of the day I had a perfectly wonderful feeling of freedom. I suppose it's the way a girl feels when she's first married, and realizes that if she wants to go down town she needn't advertise the fact to the entire household for fear, if they discover her absence, they'll think she's been kidnapped. First I spent an entire hour manicuring my nails. Then, though it was only ten o'clock, I put on an afternoon dress and went out to order the last things for my Thanksgiving dinner. I was very fussy, and drove old Mr. Hobbs, our provision man, perfectly crazy by poking into everything and insisting on having the best. Mother always said I was a good shopper.

After lunch I laid out my evening clothes on the spare room bed, and then went over to Louise Topping's to pass the time of day. Mrs. Raney had called up to say that they exected me to dinner, so that was off my mind. I spent an hour and a half dressing, and arrived at the Raney's in my new peach-colored crêpe, and Mother's gorgeous blue evening cloak with the fur collar that Aunt Susan Cutler sent her last Christmas. Bill opened the door and seemed impressed.

He said: "Haven't you made a mistake in the house, lady? We're just plain people here, and don't pretend to hobnob with the likes of you."

Then Mrs. Raney hugged me and exclaimed: "What an adorable dress, Kathryn! You never looked sweeter in your life."

And Mr. Raney peered over the banisters with a razor

in his hand and his face all lather, and called down: "Save me the first dance, will you, Kit? Your dad told me to keep an eye on you, and you're certainly easy to look at in that snuff-colored rig."

Snuff-colored! Isn't that just like a man? And Mrs. Raney called back: "For goodness' sakes, Will, finish shaving and come down. Dinner's ready."

And here's where my story really starts. You see, I'd told Miss Russell I'd stop at the Home and let her see my dress, so Bill and I went along early, leaving his father and mother to come on later in the car.

"Don't make eyes at old Sparrow, Kit," warned Bill as we reached the Home. "He's susceptible."

I giggled. Mr. Sparrow, the only male inmate of the Home, was eighty last July.

Well, we walked in, and to my surprise there were all the old people sitting in a circle ready to view my finery. I had to explain that the cloak was Mother's, but they seemed to enjoy it just the same. Mrs. Farrar spread it over her rheumaticy old knees and patted the wadded lining in a way that made me want to cry. I don't believe she'd ever got near to

anything so pretty in her whole life.

I had to turn 'round and 'round like a manikin, and let everyone feel of my frock and even ask the price! And then Bill made them laugh by insisting that they examine the lining of his dinner coat; and we were just about to leave when I remembered Miss Emery, who is in charge of the Home.

"She went inter the kitchen just before you come," said Mr. Sparrow, "lookin' mad enough to bite off wire nails. You better leave her be."

But I wasn't afraid of Miss Emery. I knew well enough that a lot of old people who weren't really meant to live together can be pretty trying, and I thought likely she'd had a hard day, and that a sight of my new gown might cheer her up. So I skipped downstairs (the Home kitchen is in the basement) and pushed open the door softly, meaning to surprise her. But right there I stopped short, wishing to goodness I hadn't butted in.

You see, Miss Emery was sitting by the table with her head down on her arms and crying terribly. It was the sort of crying you can't disguise, so when she looked up and saw me she simply couldn't pretend it was nothing. For the first moment I was just horribly embarrassed, and then, suddenly, I felt so sorry for the poor thing, sitting there in her dingy kitchen crying like that, that I forgot myself entirely. I came close and laid a hand on her shoulder and said: "For mercy's sakes, Miss Emery, what's happened?"

Well, she'd been crying so hard she couldn't stop, but I got her a glass of water, and pretty soon she calmed down enough to say: "Run along to the dance, child, and don't

worry now about me. You look pretty enough to eat."

But that didn't go down. How could I enjoy the dance with poor Miss Emery back there crying her eyes out? I said: "Of course I won't go till you tell me what's the matter. Maybe I can help."

She wiped her eyes again then, and her shoulders sagged down discouragedly. Usually she's almost uncomfortably erect.

"The only way you could help, Kathryn," she said, "is by letting me talk it out; and such stories aren't meant for pretty young things like you."

"It would be a pity," I answered, "if just because a girl happens to be pretty, she can't be any use. If it'll help you to talk, Miss Emery, why go ahead. Bill Raney has just put on a record so they can't hear."

She drew a long breath. "Oh, I've no business to do this, Kathryn; it isn't right, but—Would you think to look at me that I'd ever had a romance?" she broke off suddenly.

Now until that moment I'd have answered no; but as she looked up at me I saw something in her face that had been lacking before. Her hair is almost white, but it's soft and wavy; and the bitter lines that used to spoil her expression were all gone. I realized that years ago she was probably as good-looking as most girls, and I said: "Why not? Your hair is perfectly lovely. I'd give most anything if mine waved like that."

She actually blushed. I don't believe she'd had a compliment in ten years. Then she sighed and said: "Well, child, my romance ended in tragedy, and I was crying because I've got to give up something I've counted on—lived for, I guess, for years and years."

I waited, sort of breathless, for her to go on; but I was more breathless when she'd finished. We must have made a strange picture, too, there in that shabby old kitchen. Miss Emery had on a faded blue percale, and the table between us was covered with oilcloth, hideous brown, figured oilcloth that people buy because it won't show dirt. My peach-colored dress was the only bright spot amid the gloom, but I forgot everything as I listened to her story.

It was a terrible story. I haven't time to tell it now. It's enough to say that she was engaged to a boy she'd been to school with and had always known. He was a brilliant scholar and they were to be married when he left college, and then something awful happened. The hardest part was that he wasn't really to blame; just terribly foolish and weak—but he was sent to prison, a long sentence. He went in on the day that was to have been their wedding day. Do you wonder she's got some bitter lines around her mouth? Well, she promised to wait for him, though he begged her not to, and said she'd be there to meet him when he came out. That's what she meant when she said she'd been living for something. His time wasn't up, but it had been shortened for good conduct, and late that afternoon she'd got a message saying he'd be out next morning.

"And I can't get there, Kathryn," she said, swallowing a sob. "Even if I could find someone to stay here for me, I couldn't be there in time; and all these years. . . ."

Her voice broke pitifully. I noticed it even though I was thinking harder than I'd ever thought in my whole life. "Look here," said I, "the New York express passes the Junction at nine-thirty."

"I know; but it doesn't stop. Besides, I'm not dressed, and if I were I couldn't get a taxi. They're all engaged for the dance. I telephoned everywhere and couldn't find a soul to come here, either. Every cook in town is engaged for tomorrow. Don't you see—"

I jumped up. I was actually shaking with excitement. It seemed to me that nothing in the whole world mattered except that Miss Emery must be there to meet that man. "I don't see any-

thing," I said, "except that you'll take that train. It's your only chance. You go right up and change your clothes. Put on that blue taffeta you wear Sundays. I'll do the rest. I—"

"But—" She was trembling, poor thing, as she got to her feet, and I had to push her toward the door. "But the train doesn't stop."

"It will," I answered, "if I stand in the middle of the track for them to run over."

She moved a step toward the stairs; then hesitated and said: "But it's Thanksgiving tomorrow. The old folks—"

"I'll feed them," I almost shouted. "I'll sleep here and get their breakfast, too. You hurry. There's no time to lose—"

"But I haven't enough money here to—"

"I'll get the money. Now go!"

She went. She stopped only once more, and to say the queerest thing. I didn't think of it then, but later it struck me as very strange. She stood there with her hand on the latch and her poor face streaked with tear stains, and said in a sort of whisper: "Kathryn, I—I'm only thirty-four years old!"

And I'd thought she'd never see fifty again! Well, I hadn't time to wonder about it then. I rushed upstairs.

"Bill," I cried, "don't ask any questions, but call up your father and tell him to bring the car down *quick*, and your fur coat and gloves. Tell him the New York train must be stopped at the Junction, and—"

"Are you crazy?" demanded Bill, staring at me. "Have you lost your senses? Do you think just because my father's a railroad man that—"

"What's the use of being a railroad man if you can't stop a train?" I retorted scornfully. "You do as I say. Tell him to come *now*. He can stop the train later. Tell him to bring all the money in the house, and—"

Well, Bill obeyed. And fifteen minutes later Mr. Raney was there, plus fur coat, gloves, money, and the power to stop even the New York express. I *love* Mr. Raney. For the old folks, once they got a glimmering of what was going on, they acted white. They wanted to lend Miss Emery everything they had, from money to hair brushes. Mrs. Farrar brought down the pink celluloid one she had for Christmas and I stuffed it into Bill's coat pocket so as not to hurt her feelings.

Never, if I live to celebrate my hundredth birthday, shall I forget that ride to the Junction. I sat behind holding Miss Emery's hand while the car careened at truly perilous angles. Bill and his father were in front. We'd left Mrs. Raney to get the old people settled for the night. It's fifteen miles to the Junction, and the roads were rutty and frozen, but we made it by the very "skin of our teeth." The engine was rounding the curve as Bill drew up before the station.

"Will it stop?" asked Miss Emery. It was the first word she'd spoken since we left the Home.

"Sure thing!" said Mr. Raney cheerfully. "And there's a berth waiting for you, too. Just get to bed, Miss Emery, and sleep, if you can. Good-night, and good luck!"

She was actually aboard the train! I saw Mr. Raney slip something into the porter's hand, and from the man's grin I guess it was substantial enough to procure her plenty of attention. We stood on the platform till the train was out of sight, and then, suddenly, I felt perfectly limp. I think Mr. Raney understood, for he put an arm about me and led me back to the car. "Take the return trip slowly," he said to Bill; and as we started he added with a chuckle: "Looks as if we'd missed that first dance, Kit, but it's in a good cause, and we'll make it up."

That surely was some Thanksgiving! Mrs. Raney stayed over night with me at the Home, and we got breakfast together. Then I telephoned the Hayden Hall girls what was up, and they arrived bright and early, ready to pitch in



and prepare dinner. Annie Riley was notified to bring the turkey to the Home, and Bill was to call at the Toppings' for two mince pies. It looked at one time as if we wouldn't have any dinner to get, for the news spread 'round town and everyone wanted to donate something. There was a plum pudding from the Meadows, and the Congregational minister ordered ice cream without even asking if we needed it and almost everybody telephoned.

"It's my prophecy," said Bill, "that those honorable antiques upstairs will be suffering the torments of indigestion before this day is ended."

He had on Miss Emery's blue apron and was peeling potatoes with one of the Hayden Hall girls. I was washing lettuce at the sink, while another Hayden senior was making one of the prettiest salads I ever saw.

"They look," said Bill, "like the pictures in the backs of magazines advertising salad oil. I never supposed such things of beauty were really edible."

"Come to dinner," suggested the Hayden girl, "and you'll be enlightened. But where's Carolyn?"

Carolyn was the third senior.

"She's upstairs," I explained, "playing ladies' maid to our guests. Mrs. Bement mislaid her false front as usual (Miss Emery says she's spent hours hunting for it the last four years), and Mr. Sparrow is to christen a new tie and wanted someone to adjust it. Here comes Buster Meadows, Bill. What on earth shall we do with him?"

Buster is fourteen, and never likes to miss anything.

"He can peel onions," replied Bill. "Come on in, Bus, and shed some tears in behalf of the 'old folks at Home.' Have you met these ladies?"

Buster grinned and replied: "I only came to bring this pumpkin pie; but if I can help any, Mother can't possibly object, and I'd a darn sight rather stay here than go home and entertain the company. It's Father's Aunt Jennie and her niece from Beverly, and even Dot says they're frightful bores."

"They must be," agreed Bill, "if your saintly sister is moved to such an uncharitable verdict. Take off your coat, kid, and set to at the onions."

Really, with so many cooks to spoil the broth, it's a perfect wonder that that dinner was fit to eat; but, as Mrs. Farrar said afterward, she never expected to sit down to another meal like that till she "crossed the Jordan." From

some unknown source Bill produced two white duck coats, and he and Buster served as waiters. They even wore caps that one of the girls concocted out of Miss Emery's best towels!

It was Bill's idea to give an entertainment afterward; so while the old ones napped, and we girls did the dishes, he scoured the town for talent. By five o'clock he had produced as good a vaudeville performance as ever took place at the Princess Theatre—at least, so Mr. Raney and everyone else declared. Louise Topping danced; some of the high school band boys gave musical numbers; Dot and the Hayden girls did a stunt, and Bill, Buster, and Laura Reese acted charades that were as good as plays. Then the Unitarian minister read a perfectly splendid Thanksgiving story; and for some queer reason they made me sing as a last number. I told them they ought to have something really good to end with, but Bill and his Dad insisted. And because it was really the old folks' party I sang what I knew they'd love—*Annie Laurie, Flow Gently Sweet Afton, Comin' Through the Rye*, and a lot of others. And when I got to *Seeing Nelly Home*, every one of them, from the high school boys to Mrs. Sophie Nelson, who's ninety-one, joined in the chorus.

It was then, just when everyone was feeling happy, that there happened the nicest thing of the whole day, a telegram that Bill opened and read aloud to the crowd:

"Home at eleven tonight, after the happiest Thanksgiving of our lives. We bless all of you."

It was signed by two names, Miss Emery's and—his.

"Hip, hip hurray!" cried Mr. Sparrow from his old wheel chair; and believe me, we cheered!

That's all. Mrs. Raney declared that I looked tired to death, and insisted on waiting to greet Miss Emery and making Bill take me home.

"You go straight to bed, Kit," she commanded, "and sleep the clo'k around. You deserve to," and I'll admit that the idea sounded good. In fact, I was so tired that I was half-way upstairs before Bill had closed the front door. I'd reached the landing when I stopped at his puzzled exclamation.

"Gosh!" he was saying in bewilderment, "Will you tell me, Kit, when in the name of miracles I got this?"

I looked back then and almost had hysterics myself. He was holding aloft Mrs. Farrar's pink celluloid hair-brush!



Never, if I live to be a hundred, shall I forget that ride to the Junction, with the car rounding turns at perilous angles

# The Beholder

## Winning Stories from our Pet Contest

Further pictures and lists of winners are published on pages 38 and 39

HERE are the stories you have waited for—winners from our Pet Contest. And more are still to come, for next month the Beholder will publish other stories and pictures receiving Honorable Mention in our Pet Contest.

Dorothea Relth of Troop 21, Chicago, Ill., won first prize for the best story, when she told us of

### My "Pal"

Yes, Pal is a bull terrier—a good watch dog. He is very pretty for a bull. He has a nice black nose and a white strip down the center of his head. The rest is of a brindle color, with four white feet.

Pal surely knows us all—Mother, Dad, and myself. All we have to say is, "Where's Daddy?" "Where's Mama?" or "Where's Dorothy?" and he will run to the window and look out. Pal knows the difference between our automobile horn and other horns. This may not sound true but it is. Pal also knows the sound of our engine. Every evening when my father comes home, Pal hears the car long before my father gets to the house. But Pal has been fooled several times. When an automobile of the same make goes past the house, he runs to the window and watches the car, and when it goes past the house he stands there crying, a forlorn expression on his small face.

I became friends with Pal in a peculiar way. On July 22, 1924, I was playing jacks with another girl, when a pretty bull terrier walked up the steps. My friend was frightened because he was a bull. But I took a great liking to him right away and he seemed to like me. I went into the house and got a collar, a rope, and some water. I had another dog at the time named Sport, so I put Sport in the basement and used his collar. When my mother came home she told me that I could not keep two dogs: that I should have to give up either one or the other. I liked Sport and I liked Pal, but I liked Pal best because he was so friendly, while Sport was a snappy dog. I told my mother that although I loved Sport, I'd rather have Pal.

My mother advertised in the paper for Pal's home and I inquired around the neighborhood, but nobody knew whose dog he was or where he lived. After trying for about two weeks to find Pal's home my mother said that



"Sally' meets all our friends," writes Marguerite Hardage of Alexandria, La.

9:00, then he sleeps till noon. At noon he watches the children come home for dinner and go back again. Then he sleeps again till 3:15, when he watches the children come home. Pal is very particular just how he sleeps. He always has to have his head higher than the rest of his body before he can settle down comfortably. He seems to consider sleeping one of his most active good times.

Pal knows only a few tricks. One is carrying his chain home. I can give him his chain half a block from the house and he walks home and up the steps and stands there waiting for me. Another thing he can do is catch. I can stand fourteen feet away from him and throw him something, and no matter how I throw he will catch it. Sometimes I throw it too high but he jumps up and catches it.

Pal knows the meaning of "out." He knows it so well that we must be careful of what we say. If we should say, "I think we'll go out to-morrow," he would be right over to us crying, when we didn't take him out. When we learned that he knew this word so well, we started to talk German. But it has become so that he understands us even when we talk German!

What I really believe is, "Pal can do everything else but talk."



### "Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder"

*This is a page written and illustrated by Girl Scouts. On it are published your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.*

*Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book.*

*Our Goats, "Silver and Gold"**Whose pictures appear on page 39*

We have two darling baby goats called Silver and Gold! The reason we called them that is because Silver is black (so is Gold) with a white tint of silver on her, while Gold has a brownish tint of gold on him. We bought them Memorial Day and so we decided that we didn't want grand names to go with the holiday but just simply Gold and Silver. They were not yet weaned when we bought them, and so we got bottles and nipples and tried to feed them. At first it was hard for they twisted their heads round a great deal, but now they drink very nicely.

As Gold is the Billy-goat he should be larger and livelier than Silver, but Silver is actually a little bigger and much more lively. Many a time when my brother and I are running somewhere we hear a little patter of feet, and who should we see but Silver running and kicking up her baby hoofs as she runs. Gold is getting livelier every day and both goats are exceedingly jolly pets. Sometimes they are loose but not often for they eat the flowers. My two younger brothers own them, but my sister and I usually care for them.

Sometimes when I sit down they come up and nibble the edge of my clothes, or, if I am reading, the edge of the page is very often nibbled off. This usually happens when they are hungry. It is an old story that goats eat tin cans, but when we bought the goats we asked if they would, and the owners said goats would eat paper off tin cans but not the tin.

Many a time when Silver and Gold are out and we try to catch them to put them in, they run way up the road and we must catch them (especially Silver) and carry them back. Then they push their heads against our cheeks, and we push gently back. We think Silver the handsomest, but Gold really is about the same. Both are our favorite pets, though we have many. Somebody suggested putting something on their horns so they would not grow, but my father said he wanted the horns.

We have been trying to wean Silver and Gold, but it is hard work. You must push their noses in a pan of milk and keep them there for what seems hours. Then the goats will get up and sneeze. We children have failed to make them drink out of a dish, but my father has already made Gold drink once. The goats usually live in our rabbits' pen and sometimes they look as if they were sniffing at the rabbits' noses. The pen is very large and there is plenty of room for them to jump and play.

When my three-year-old brother picks one up and then sees something that interests him more, he usually drops his

playmate square on the ground, and the goat looks after him regretfully.

SARAH C. CURTIS,  
Norfolk, Mass.

*"Sally"*

"Mother, can't I have it?" There were the first words that met my ears on my return from town. Utterly ignorant of the new notion which had caught my little sister's fancy, I decided to investigate.

"What does she want now, mother?" I asked.  
"Janice's little poodle, that's what," was Nellie's prompt reply before mother had a chance to answer.

Now of all the different kinds of pets I know, I prefer a dog. Therefore, as the saying goes, I put in my oar also. With much persuasion on our part, mother at last consented.

The next day the subject of my story was introduced to me in person. I was delighted beyond words with the result of my pleading. At first I wondered where the puppy was. All I could see was a little ball of tan and white curly hair. However, I decided that I couldn't get acquainted with the new member of the family any sooner, so I called her. The result was immediate. That little ball of hair came to life with a yelp of joy. Running to me she put her fore-paws upon my skirt in a very affectionate manner. Rather too affectionate for me though, as the result left a lasting impression on my clean skirt.

Of course we had to name the puppy. As usual, there were a dozen different suggestions, among them being, Poodle, Rags, Scraps, etc. For a while Junior, our three-year-old hopeful, listened in disgust to the argument. Then one of us turned to him and asked, "What is the puppy's name, Junior?"

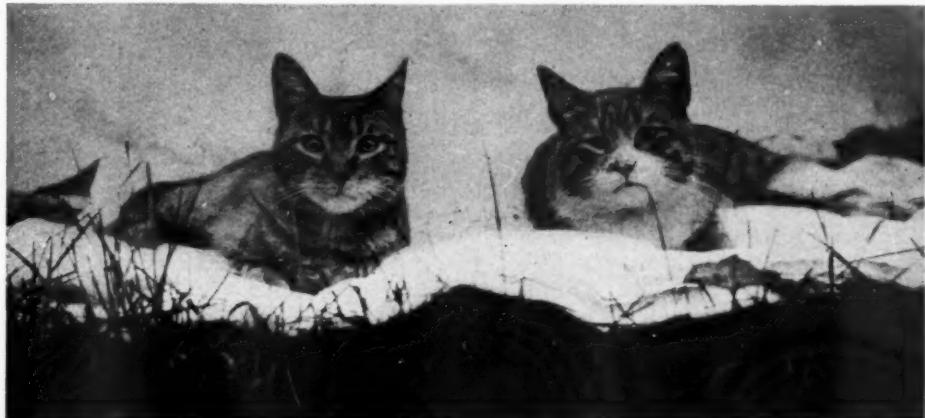
"Sally," was his prompt reply. We all laughed over the incident but the name stuck.

Sally is very spoilt. Whenever anyone comes in the house with a package she will bark and jump around until she discovers what it contains. If it is candy or cake she begs very hard for some and usually receives it. She has grown to consider herself a very important member of the family. Indeed she looks at us at times as if she wanted to say, "I wonder how you ever got along without me?"

I have caught myself wondering the same thing every now and then. I also think occasionally of something else which I don't suppose has ever entered Sally's kinky little head, namely, "How would she get along without us?"

MARGUERITE HARDAGE,  
Alexandria, La.

"'Coolidge and Dawes' are as old as the last presidential election," writes Ivy L. Presler, Troop I, Buchanan, N. Y.





Deana  
Silverman

# Delicious Candies for Your Skill

*Fudge parties for cold days, Christmas just around the corner—and here are new candy recipes to tempt your sweet tooth*

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Assisted by Deana Silverman, Troop 17, St. Paul, Minn.

**A** BOX of candy! Is there a girl whose mouth doesn't water at the very mention or sight of sweetmeats and bonbons? Is there anyone who could fail to be delighted with the receipt of such a tempting gift? I know that Girl Scouts especially must have a "sweet tooth" because you sent in so many delicious candy recipes in our recent Favorite Recipe Contest. And now that the holidays are approaching, your skill in making candy can be turned to practical use.

Indeed novel and delicious homemade candy is always a best seller at bazaars, entertainments and fairs. A Girl Scout candy sale is quite likely to bring your troop enough money to give your Christmas party for small children, with a tree and gifts and Santa Claus 'n' everything, or for any other special plan. If you give your sale in advance of Thanksgiving, the candy specialties of the various troop members may result in your taking orders for Thanksgiving candies from your mothers and their friends. And this candy, delivered in time for Thanksgiving dinner and enjoyed by all the guests, may result in further orders for Christmas dinners or special parties. As favors for Hal-low'e'en, as filling for holiday boxes, candy is always welcome to both young and old. Perhaps, too, your gifts to your friends will be candy of your own make.

This is why I shall tell you, this month, of the various types of candies and how they are made. For once you understand the process and rules for making a basic recipe of each kind, you can easily prepare countless variations by changing the flavor, the color, the shape, and the added ingredients. I shall give you, too, the candy recipe which I consider the best among all those submitted for THE AMERICAN GIRL Favorite Recipe Contest. It was sent by Deana Silverman of Troop 17, St. Paul, Minnesota, and is for Cocoanut Marshmallow Fudge.

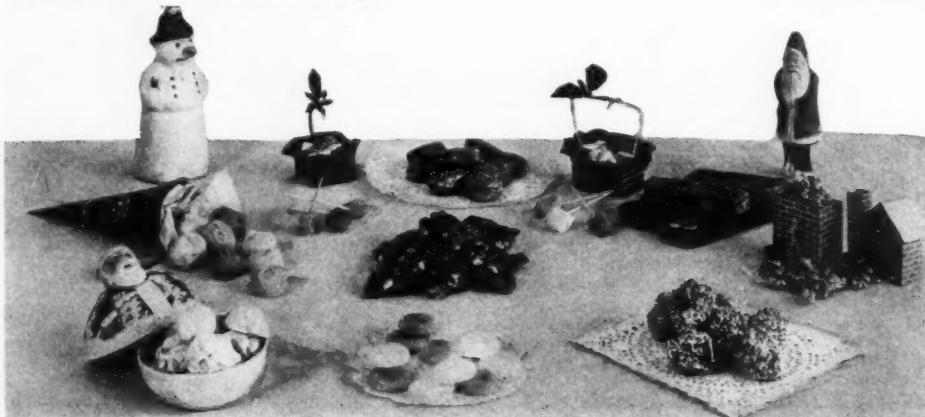
Briefly, the basic kinds of candy are:

Fudges  
Fondants, uncooked and cooked  
Pulled candies or taffy  
Brittle or hard candies  
Gelatin candies  
Caramels and nougatines  
Glacé nuts and fruits  
Pop corn candies  
Candy favors and novelties

While good candy can be made by guess, this is one type of cooking for which it *pays* to use the most improved utensils. A candy thermometer which registers up to 400° F. is almost indispensable in determining the different stages of the boiling syrup. Such a thermometer is made of copper with a chain to raise and lower it, and although it costs but a little over a dollar, it will last for years. Aluminum saucepans seem best because they scorch or burn the least. But for pulling candies and others which are cooked to a very high temperature, nothing is more satisfactory than a deep iron skillet or frying bowl. All saucepans or skillets should be as flat on the bottom as possible in order to present the fullest surface to the heat. A white enamel tray is convenient on which to lay the candy to cool. A broad, flexible steel spatula is required for turning it over and scraping it from the pan. Wooden spoons are most satisfactory for stirring.

Judging from the number of fudge recipes entered in the Contest, it is one of the most popular candies. "Fudge" covers a large group of candies, all of which are *boiled without stirring* to about 238° F. Then the syrup must

(Continued on page 60)



*Certainly half the fun of Christmas candies is in packing them attractively for presents, and one could not receive a more attractive present than delicious candies in one of these engaging containers*

Forty-one girls wearing forty-one dresses — they entered the style show—and as we look at them here, we think the judges must have had a difficult time selecting the winners



## Presenting A Style Show—Girl-Scout-Made

*Heigho, the needle! Heigho, the thread! And it's Mary with a most becoming frock, you say? Yes, she made it herself*

HAVE you ever had a Style Show?

If you never have, the Girl Scouts of Waterbury, Conn., recommend it to you as great fun—especially the kind which they presented last spring. What made this one so especially interesting was the fact that every dress which was worn by every girl who appeared in the Show had been made by herself. Forty-one girls wearing forty-one dresses, Girl-Scout-made—can't you imagine the interest of the audience as one by one the girls came through the doorway which led to the promenade? There were hats, too, which were Girl-Scout-made—seven of them. And the Style Show itself was the climax of a contest which had been announced some time before.

Each girl who entered this contest not only made her dress herself—she selected the material, the color, and the style. And so her finished frock was to be judged not only on the sewing but on becomingness of the material, the color and the style.

The girls' mothers were there, that eventful day, as you can imagine—mothers each of whom was already intimately acquainted with the dress which her own daughter had achieved, eager to see whether other girls had done as well. Girl Scout friends were there, as Girl Scout friends always are at such special events. And there were the judges from the Waterbury Institute of Arts and Crafts, specialists in the art of sewing and well able to judge of the excellence and attractiveness of the finished dress or hat.

The room in which the Style Show was held was decorated with palms and ferns, the setting arranged

By AGNES M. SCHIER

to resemble the corner of a living-room. Each girl entered the room with a flower in her hand which she placed in a vase on the table. In this way the audience was given a leisurely view of the dress and the judges were able to see, from all sides, the way in which each dress hung and to ascertain whether the general effect of style and color was becoming to that particular girl. The hats, too, were judged in the same manner—for becoming style and color and for craftsmanship in the execution.

Forty-one girls entering the room, one by one; forty-one girls placing a flower in the vase—all waiting for the word of the judges, yet all happy to have entered the contest, because, no matter what the verdict, did not each now have a dress which she herself had made, a dress which she could show to her friends as an example of her own handiwork?

After minutely examining the quality of the sewing, after turning hems and looking at seams, the judges declared that the number of announced prizes was not sufficient and promptly doubled the number! The pictures of the best dresses and the best hat, shown here, will clearly give you the reason for their decision.

Heigho, the needle! Heigho, the thread! Why don't you have a Style Show, too? Why not have your show as part of your Girl Scout Week celebration? A Style Show such as this is quickly arranged, as far as the actual promenade goes, and draws many interested friends.

Or perhaps you will wish to carry out Mrs. Hoover's idea, and during Girl Scout Week wear the dress or other article of apparel which you yourself have made.



The prize winning frocks and their makers. From left to right they are: Lucetta Gaunt, Earla Smith, Eunice Hungerford, Eunice Benedict, and Margery Deming. Those sitting are: Wilhelmina Judd and Lois Fitch



*"You men can sit here and whine if you want to. I'm going to Vincennes to get my brother!"*

## Becky Beats the Drum

### PART II

SOME ten days after the gay departure from Boonesborough Becky Landers lay exhausted on the muddy bank of a marsh, watching rain clouds gather and hearing stubborn angry voices. She was numb with cold, hunger and weariness. Nothing mattered any longer. Even Rodney and Vincennes seemed vague and unreal. She wondered if she were going to die there: and did not care.

It had been a terrible march thus far. Severe weather, scant food and no covering at night had turned her gay adventure into a hideous one. The men did not dare light fires nor hunt, because of Indians. Flames shone far in the dark, shots carried a long distance, and this was low, open country, half under water now from floods and rains. With every step the men sank to their knees in water that was bitterly cold. They slept at night as best they could, wet through and shivering.

Jeff's men had begun to grumble and to threaten to turn back three days ago. But Jeff had induced some of them to continue by threats to shoot the first one who showed him a coward's back to aim at. Others he had cajoled with promises of a "big hot feed" as soon as they came up with Clark. In one way or another he had kept them together. He had reached the rendez-vous without being disgraced by deserters.

Now worse had befallen! Clark and his Kaskaskia garrison had also been tramping through bad weather and worse country. They too had gone without fires and fresh meat. In fact the outlook was as bad as it could be. The men were not soldiers in the regular army sense of

*A helpless, whimpering girl—that was what Clark called her; but he had not reckoned on a Kentuckian, nor on Becky Landers*

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Illustrations by William Fisher

*See page 43 for what has already happened in this story*

that word. They knew nothing of drill and less of discipline. They understood nothing at all of Clark's military plans, nor why the capture of Vincennes was vital to the preservation of American settlement in Kentucky. They would have faced Indians or

white soldiers even if the foe outnumbered them two to one, had there been plenty of food at hand. But they were not willing to face another long march in misery such as they had endured for days past. Only the magnetic force of Clark's personality, the faith that he would change everything, had held them in line to this point. Now, apparently, it could hold them no longer. Grumbling and gloom had turned into something very like mutiny. The men looked at the endless width of flooded prairie ahead of them, and, shivering already in the bleak and rainy dawn and gnawed with hunger, they refused to wade into it.

The two forces had joined at dusk the day before. Clark and Jeff had spent most of the night discussing the situation. Even Jeff would have advised retreat if he had believed there was a chance of Clark's agreeing with him. But he knew his chief. Clark did not retreat. Therefore, Jeff Smoke, proud of Clark's trust in him, would not retreat either. He would go on to a useless and clammy death because Clark expected it of him!

Now, Jeff's men had got used to the presence of Becky Landers during the first few days and had ceased to think about her. She had given none of them trouble. Indeed she had been as good a man as any of them. If the march had been pleasant they would have made a great deal of

fun out of the fact that their drummer boy was a girl. There would have been endless jokes and roughly-rhymed ballads about Becky Landers. But jokes and verses do not spring readily to the minds of starving and freezing men. They had forgotten Becky. All they thought of was their unhappy situation and how to get out of it. That was why nothing was said about her when the two little groups of disgruntled men met. Even her friend, Jeff, was not thinking of her as he sat in extreme discomfort with Clark in the lee of a willow bush under a drizzling sky and discussed the peril of a wholesale desertion. She was recalled to him presently with a jolt.

"I wish little Tom Pim hadn't come," Clark said. "Tom ought to have been born a girl so that he would be taken care of. He isn't strong enough for a man's work in this country." That was when Jeff felt the jolt. He had now to tell Clark that it was not Tim Pim but Becky Landers who had come. It was not easy to break the news to Clark, especially at that moment. Jeff felt reasonably certain that his chief would not be in the least delighted to learn that a very nice girl had been added to his troubles!

He was correct. Clark, who had a sudden and violent temper, leaped up with a bellow of rage. That roar was the first sound to penetrate the numbed brain of Becky Landers, lying in a state bordering on coma on the other side of the willow.

"You—you—!" Clark could find no adequate descriptive for Jeff, so he roared on. "A girl—a helpless girl—good for nothing but to run away and go on a march like this as if it was a picnic—and then lie down and die like a sick rabbit. A girl! If I'd made the world there would be no girls in it. You can bet on that! A weak, whimpering girl—asking every man in turn to take her home to her maw!"

"But, Cap'n—" Jeff tried to stem the torrent of injustice in vain.

"Shut up! That's what is the matter with the men. That's why they've lost their grit! They've seen that

girl sobbing and sniffing—" Rage burned half his sentence.

There was a good deal more, which Becky missed. A strange thing had happened to her. A few moments before she had been lying limp, stupefied and hopeless as well as helpless from hunger and cold, not caring whether she ever moved again. But as Clark's words, with their dire insult, reached her mind, she felt somewhat as if hot water had been thrown over her. Her blood began to move and her limbs to tingle. She could feel her strength coming back to her in vast boiling pounding waves of rage. Even Jeff's halting words to the effect that Becky Landers was "jes' as good as a *man*" did not soothe her. They made her angrier! She got up on her feet and started after the two men who were now walking swiftly into the stubbornest group of mutineers: Clark being determined to bring matters to a head at once. She came up with them just in time to hear Clark say he had a good mind to shoot Jeff Smoke for bringing "that girl."

Because Becky Landers was of a cool and practical temperament she chose her words carefully even when she was very angry. She always felt that the real way to "get back" at any one who annoyed her seriously was by showing the offender that he lacked intelligence. That was because nothing humiliated Becky herself so much as to be shown, or to find out for herself, that she had not really used her brains. She proceeded now in that vein with George Rogers Clark.

"It is very silly of you, Captain Clark, to threaten to shoot Jeff," she panted rather huskily. "You won't shoot him because you can't afford to. You need him. I don't think this is the time to be saying *stupid things*!"

"Well! Upon my word—!" Clark gasped. He looked down on the very straight, very indignant young person before him. Then his blue eyes kindled: and he laughed.

"I don't want to hear Jeff or any one else ever say again in all my life that I'm as good as a man," Becky proceeded, her voice growing stronger with the impetus of her wrongs. "I'm a girl—g-i-r-l, girl—and I'm glad of

(Continued on page 42)



*She gasped and fell silent at the sight of a handsome young man a head taller than herself*

# Let's Talk About Clothes

HERE are two things which make good clothes—good color and good line. And of the two, you'll find the first much easier to buy than the second.

Almost every girl has more natural knack for color than for line. It's easier for her to dress well from the color standpoint than from the standpoint of line. It's easier for her to choose colors that are becoming than it is for her to decide on the correct silhouette.

This is, perhaps, a good thing. For it's also true that for the small purse, good color is more available than good line, and doesn't cost so much. Of course, in the most expensive models you do pay for the exquisite dyes of the fabric—but to a much greater extent you pay for cut and draping.

So, if you're starting to learn to dress well, I suggest that you begin by trying to learn as much as you can about what colors can do for you.

First, there's their relation to your size. Any object covered with light material will look larger than a similar object covered with a darker fabric. Light or bright colors will make anyone look larger than dark or dull colors. This is where colors will help you if you're trying to look bigger or smaller than you really are.

More important, however, than color-and-size, is probably color-and-complexion. Many of you probably have tried out color combinations with hair and eyes and skin. But I wonder how many have discovered that the colors you wear are more than an added attraction or detraction—that they really can by contrast or reflection, *change* your apparent coloring, make your eyes seem bluer or greener, your hair seem blacker or brighter, your skin rosier or paler.

Take blondes, for instance. There are many types of blondes, all demanding different color treatment. The fair, delicate blonde with wild rose coloring usually looks lovely no matter what color she chooses. Dark colors make her look fairer, but she's pretty in pastel shades and even in bright red and bright blue.

If she's very pale, however, she must be careful not to wear too dull, too pale, or too bright shades. They make her look washed out. For instance, she should avoid very dark or very bright blue. There is a vibrant blue, however, between dark and bright that is very good for her.

The rather florid, plump, blonde type with ruddy complexion and yellow-gold hair, must be careful not to wear bright colors. Dull shades of blue and green are usually good for her. The healthy, freckled-faced, medium blonde can wear medium shades of rose, green, blue, lavender very well. She usually looks nice, too, in dark blue or green. Very delicate pastel shades are not so good.

Browns I do not usually like for blondes unless the eyes are brown. Then they are exquisite. In fact, it's a very good plan for any girl in choosing colors to play up to her eyes.

Girls with red or auburn hair need to pay special attention to their eyes. With brown eyes and red hair, I like the brown, maize, tan shades best. With either brown

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES  
*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

Illustration by Cornelia Brownlee



Try out your colors next to your face

or green eyes, greens are also usually good. If the eyes are blue, certain blue shades can be worn, although on general principles, I do not like blues with red hair as well as I like many other shades. If the skin is clear and there's a little color, flesh, peach and soft rose shades are surprisingly nice with red hair. And henna shades, toning with the hair, are often beautiful.

The pale brunette, like the delicate blonde, must be careful not to wear shades that are too dull, too pale, or too bright. Rose is usually flattering, and so is gray blue. Navy with a touch of scarlet or a bit of flesh pink at the neck is often nice. Sometimes garnet and rich henna prove immensely becoming.

The latter shades also often look extremely well on the girl with black hair and olive or sallow skin. White or cream is often wonderful for her, with touches of vivid green, yellow or red. In fact, she usually looks best when she's wearing a bit of bright color—not too much, but just enough to make her sparkle.

I have often advised against wearing certain colors that happen to be fashionable—if they do not happen also to be becoming to you. If the shade that everybody is wearing is particularly becoming to you, well and good. Then it's all right for you to wear it too. But don't feel bound to do it, otherwise.

Often, of course, it's easier to adopt the colors of the season because the shops are full of such garments and accessories, and matching up is simple. But there comes a time in the popularity of any color when too many people take it up. I'd rather choose a less prominent shade at times like this, and be a little more distinctive. Don't you agree with me?

There is, as you will understand, a great difference between colors which everybody is wearing because they are the fad, and colors that are worn because they have proved their practicability for certain purposes. White, for instance, is tennis dress choice because clothes for this strenuous sport need frequent washings, and white boils! Football games in the fall always bring out brilliant colors in scarfs and hats and sweaters, to match the spirit of the occasion. Town street clothes are usually subdued in tone because it is generally agreed that this is better taste, while party frocks are blithe to go with the party.

Color conventions like these are really grounded on good judgment of practical experience, and should be heeded. For after all it's only business, isn't it, to take advantage of what other people have learned? It makes the job so much easier than if we have to do all the experimenting ourselves.

In general: If you're pale, avoid gray, black, dead white, dull tan shades, and also harsh high shades.

If you're florid, wear your colors slightly grayed.

If you're sallow, wear bright colors in small quantities, and avoid difficult tones such as bright blue, magenta, yellowish green.

Always try out colors next to your face and never wear one that doesn't do something really helpful to your skin, your hair, or your eyes.



You know how you do—absolutely squinting for the measure for the *nth* degree of perfection

A RECIPE for good looks—is there such a thing?

Eloise Dunbar discovered one and passed it on to me. And I am going to pass it on to you, just as we do our favorite fudge or cookie concoctions.

The minute Eloise finished telling me about it, I knew that it was a good idea for any girl. Because Eloise Dunbar is the kind lots of us are—not especially goodlooking to start with. Her nose is a little too small and her mouth a little too large for what an artist would call real beauty. But she is attractive. And she is honest in admitting she wants to make the most of the looks that have been given her.

This is how Eloise happened to get her bright idea. It seems one day she was in cooking class at the high school. The girls were learning to make cornmeal muffins and most energetically creamed the butter and added the sugar and the well-beaten egg. You know how you do—absolutely squinting at the measure of flour and cornmeal and milk for the *nth* degree of perfection? And when at last the muffins were in the oven and the girls were cleaning up, there wasn't one of them that didn't keep a weather eye on the clock to make sure those muffins didn't stay in one second longer than they should. They didn't, of course. . . .

Well, it happened that Eloise went from that cooking class straight to physiology. At first her mind still jiggled with eggs and butter and flour and sugar and milk—and she didn't particularly notice what the teacher was saying. Then gradually it began to trickle in—and because Eloise was still more or less measuring out flour and sugar and milk, all of a sudden she began to measure out proteins and fats and starches and water and vitamins and salts.

For the physiology teacher was saying that a healthy body is made with proteins for building material, and a certain amount of sugar and starch and fat to make it go and keep it warm, an adequate water supply, and a pinch of salt and vitamins for proper seasoning.

Eloise almost jumped there in her seat, she told me—the idea came so fast. She thinks it was the teacher's saying a

"pinch" of salt and vitamins for proper seasoning which started it all. Anyway, she had never before thought of there being any recipe for that kind of good looks—and right within reach. "Why," she thought to herself, "making a body is almost like making cornmeal muffins, only the ingredients are called by different names!"

She remembered how she and the other girls had positively slaved to make the muffins beautiful—and how hard she had worked to make herself beautiful, too. "Only," she reflected ruefully, "I never thought of myself as being made with food before."

And then she told her teacher and the rest of the class about her idea. It was great fun.

The teacher caught on, right away. And the other girls, too. Thinking of food as part of a recipe to make you better looking changed it all, it seemed. Of course, no matter what you eat you can't change the shape of your nose or shift the position of your cheek-bones. And no matter how much milk you drink, if something is wrong with your tonsils, you can't cure them that day. And even though spinach is well

thought of, it can't do anything about flat feet. Of course, you must have a physical examination by a doctor to tell you those things and what you should do about them.

But if your cheek-bones don't suit you, you certainly can camouflage them with peaches-and-creamy cheeks if you get the right food recipe. And if your mouth is too large or too small, you can concentrate on red lips and white teeth for which there is also a recipe and—shall I add—a toothbrush aid? If the color of your hair is not the corn-silk yellow or raven black or chestnut brown or tawny red you'd like—

(Continued on page 60)



She knew how to mix her calories and vitamins



"I'll have a peaches-and-cream complexion for lunch, I think."



Minneapolis, Minn., Girls  
Held Skating Gymkhana

AND see Murray's dictionary for any needful explanation, they add. However, in case you aren't browsing through *THE AMERICAN GIRL* with a dictionary at your elbow, and still belong to those of us who might need it, we'll let you in on the secret that a "gymkhana" includes a grand march, races, fancy skating, and later, music for general skating. Among the races were scheduled one hundred yard straight dashes, "double races" (two girls skating together), "potato races" (skating to pile of potatoes, picking up one, and carrying it to a basket), "potato and spoon races" (carrying potato on spoon), and relay races. Ribbons were awarded the winners, and then all attending the festival joined in general skating to band music.

**From College Park, Maryland,  
Comes a Good Brownie Game—"The  
Fairies Hide and Seek"**

The captain sits in the middle of the "fairy ring," holding a branch used as a wand, and announces: "I am the Queen of the Fairies." As she does so she touches one girl in the ring with her



"If only Porto Rican girls could enjoy this camping!" exclaimed a leader from Porto Rico last summer, as she sat astride the great stone frog at Camp Macy. "But first," she added, "we must teach their parents that it can be safe and healthful."

# What the Girl

*The last lap of our three months' Girl Scout tour 1927 we shall tour again. Will your troop appear? come tested plans for*

wand, adding, "I change you into a —" (mouse, apple, bird, ring, coin, sandwich or any other one thing she chooses). Then she says, "You must hide and my fairies will seek and find you." The girl in question hides mentally somewhere nearby—perhaps in a shoe, a belt, a pocket, or a hat of some member of the party. When she says "Ready!" the guessing begins, each girl in the ring taking her turn. The one who guesses correctly becomes Queen, and changes places with the captain. If the fairy hiding is not found, however, the captain or Queen may guess. If she guesses correctly, she holds her place. If she does not, she must yield her place to the fairy who was hiding. This fairy must then tell where she hid. The fairy becoming Queen most often is rewarded in any way the girls decide.

**Indianapolis, Indiana,  
Holds City-wide AMERICAN GIRL  
Campaign**

Because they like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* so much, and because they wish more girls in Indianapolis to enjoy it, the Girl Scouts there are now carrying out a city-wide *AMERICAN GIRL* campaign. Miss Jane Adamson of local headquarters is Chairman of the campaign, and the girls are busily at work securing subscriptions from Girl Scouts and from all girl friends—for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a magazine for all girls.

**Ely, Nevada, Troop  
Holds AMERICAN GIRL meetings  
monthly**

And here, instead of the usual program, innumerable stunts and ideas based on the "last issue" may be tried out. For instance, one patrol acts a pantomime scene from one of the stories, while the other girls try to guess just which it is. The last installment of the latest "mystery serial" is read—with five minutes afterward for guesses on what will happen next. Perhaps a new candy recipe is tried out, a new game played, or—while resting—puzzles solved. Every issue will bring new ideas!

**In Providence, Rhode Island,  
A splendid dream came true**

For there it stands today—the new home in Providence of all Rhode Island Girl Scouts! As reported in *The Flash*,



*November means election time, the Girl Scouts of Alameda, Calif., remembered, and helped their city by reminding citizens of their civil rights and duties*

their Girl Scout paper, they now own the old Handicraft Club, and while aiding their budget by renting out part of the building, they have reserved offices on the first floor, and on the second, a hall capable of holding seventy-five people. In this hall Girl Scout meetings, courses, and pow-wows of various sorts will take place. A fire-place at each end and five deep windows make the room most attractive. We surmise that a large kitchen on the same floor has a future in store. A multitude of plans under way include a Brownie week-end, a high school troop and Senior Girl Scouting conference, a nature study week-end, a home-making week-end, and so on.

**At Fort Smith, Arkansas,  
New troop sends for sample copies**

When a new troop was organized at Fort Smith, one of their meetings included a talk on *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. At once the girls voted to send for several sample copies, after receiving which, many a subscription was sent off directly.

**In Washington, D. C.,**

*Many a President visited Little House!*  
What a year-full of happenings for Washington girls! First the turkey dinner last November for our own President of the United States—then a luncheon for Lady Baden-Powell, President of the English Girl Guides—a cafeteria supper for the international Girl Scout and Girl Guide delegates—and that's only part of the story.

**Girl Scouts of Austin, Texas,  
Win National Health Prize**

The Girl Scouts of the Austin High School were recently made very happy by having won for their school a place among ten schools in a National Health

# Scouts are Doing

through every state of the United States! But in  
Now is the time to send in news. Next month  
Christmas Celebrations!



A group of girls who counted their calories—  
Troop One of Austin, Texas, won a national  
health prize

Contest, conducted by the Borden Milk Company, in schools all over the United States. Each of the winning groups was awarded two hundred dollars—shining five-dollar gold pieces, ten of them, and a big handful of crisp green bills.

Back of that two hundred dollars were many days of diligent effort on the part of the girls, for no National Health Contest is ever won without carefully following real health rules, just such as are being described every month by Grace Hallock in "Your Mirror and You," or those required for the Health Winner Badge. What was done with the money is interesting—fifty dollars of it was given to the high school troop of Girl Scouts in Austin; one hundred will enrich the treasury of the city Girl Scout organization; and the rest of it in glittering five-dollar gold pieces has been awarded to the girls themselves: Fannie Lee Minter, Lulu Mae Swenson, Belva Ball, Bessie Johnson, Ruth Martin, Jeanette Taylor, Dorothy and Winifred Wright, Ruth Pinckney, and Joe Jacobs.

## Pontiac, Michigan, Gave open campfire for friends

All the Girl Scouts of Pontiac met together one evening last fall for an open campfire to which anyone in town interested in Girl Scouting was cordially invited. Songs and informal dramatics all told the tale of what it means to be a Girl Scout.

## Rutland, Vermont, Girl Scouts Give skating and skiing parties

A combination of Green Mountains and an early snowy season provide just the right inducement for Vermont Girl Scouts to enjoy skiing on the long, gleam-

ing mountain slopes, and skating in the crisp winter air of a region famous winter and summer alike for its outdoor life. From Rutland, too, comes news of an unusually delightful banquet for one hundred seventy mothers and daughters, followed by a play, *Too Much of a Good Thing*, presented by the Mohawk Troop.

## In Madison, South Dakota, New Troop comes to Teachers' College

Eighteen girls formed a new troop in the Eastern State Teachers' College not long ago—which means that new leaders will soon be traveling out in all directions over the state. On behalf of all Girl Scouts we welcome these new Girl Scout pioneers of their state!

## Wilmington, Delaware, Presents Thanks Badge

When Mrs. Martha Lobach, a captain, who had been untiring in her help to her troop, decided to move from Wilmington, the Girl Scouts of her troop met in secret conclave, after which a letter was posted to National Headquarters. Some days later Mrs. Lobach received—with much happiness, she declares—a Thanks Badge presented by her troop.

## In New Orleans and Baton Rouge Plans run from picnics to Christmas Trees

Through the fall last year Girl Scouts of New Orleans met for "historical picnics," which, in everyday English, mean a joyous hike (a reunion for many who were campers together through the summer) to some spot near the city made famous by the old Spanish and French explorers. Presently when Christmas crept

up 'round the corner—as now!—the girls planned a Community Christmas Tree, which included filling dozens of red tallow stockings. With Christmas Day itself came carol singing and a real Santa Claus in proud possession of his Tree. In Baton Rouge each Girl Scout bought and dressed a doll (remember the story of how to make a rag doll for 12½ cents in the October *AMERICAN GIRL*?) for distribution to some child who had none.

## Out in Las Vegas, New Mexico, Lives a troop called Monte de Inanición

"Is that an American troop?" perhaps you are asking.

"Yes, very much American," their leader, Grace Douglass, might reply. "Our name means 'Starvation Peak,' so called from the fact that in 1800 a band of Spaniards was besieged and starved there by Indians. The Peak is a bleak, detached pile of red stone capped by crumbling white rocks rising far into the sky in a land teeming with historical interest, and visited by thousands of tourists every year. 'The Land of the Delight Makers,' it has also been called.

## Out in Ogden, Utah, Girl Scout paper wants exchanges

*The Broadcaster*, a newcomer among local Girl Scout journals, is eager to exchange copies with similar Girl Scout publications. Address Girl Scout Headquarters, 811-16th Street, Ogden, Utah.

(Concluded on page 65)



Reporters from the Girl Scout troops of Kenosha, Wis., form a "Press Club," which sees to it that the local newspaper is kept informed of Girl Scout news, spreads notices of local activities among the troops, and studies the lives of editors and authors—first among whom appeared Helen Ferris and Augusta Huiell Seaman

# Good Scouts 'r' C

*Delightful pets who have won prizes in our America Girl Contest*



*"Blackie" belongs to Fern Gylleck, Grand Haven, Michigan*

*"Buddy" soon made himself at home with Janet E. Alexander, Brookline, Mass.*



*"None's better to play with," declares Jane MacLeod, Troop 7, Brookline, Mass., "than 'Hunter'"*

WHOEVER would have guessed that such an odd and lovable and strangely mixed array assortment of pets had attached themselves to readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL! For stories and pictures of more of them we refer you both this month and for several months ahead to The Beholder. How hard the judges labored to select the "very best"! All of them were so irresistible. At length they are glad to announce their final decision as:

First prize for the best picture, to Clare Gibson, Latrobe, Pa. First prize for the best story, to Dorothea Relth, Troop 21, Chicago, Ill., for "My 'Pal'."

Honorable Mentions in addition to those appearing on this page are awarded: Anna D. Arnold, Troop 4,

# for Girl Scouts

prizes for their owners in  
Girl Contest

ed Waban, Mass.; Mary McFayden, Troop 2, Clayton, Mo.; Violet Raynor, Troop 1, Fredonia, N. Y.; Betty Curry, Troop 26, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Barbara Denny, Troop 8, Worcester, Mass.; Dorothy M. Liek, Troop 76, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy M. Wray, Troop 1, Campbell, Minn.; Dorothy W. Boyer, Lone Scout, Nantucket, Mass.; Helen Louise Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.; Constance Caverly, Troop 12, Lowell, Mass.; Edith M. Lines, Warwick West, Bermuda; Adele Boardman, Troop 18, Frisco, Colo.; Jean Sanger, Troop 4, Jamestown, N. Y.; Ethel Hunter, Troop 3, Newark, N. J.; Elizabeth Pierce, Troop 3, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Hazel Donaldson, Troop 6, Sedalia, Mo.; Anita Butts, Monroe, Ga.; Ivy L. Presher, Buchanan, N. Y.



"Snowball" won first  
prize for Clare Gib-  
son, Latrobe, Pa.



This adorable,  
but nameless  
pet of Rose-  
mary Fetsch,  
Troop 9, Co-  
lumbus, Ohio,  
The American  
Girl hereby  
christens  
"Twinkle"



"'Silver and Gold' must still use a bottle,"  
wrote Sarah C. Curtis of Cressbrook Farm,  
Norfolk, Mass.

Below, "Pep" has become the coal-black  
steed of Muriel Brook, Troop 10, East  
Orange, N. J.



"'Chum' always comes too," wrote Moira  
M. Davison, Troop 42, Chevy Chase, D. C.



## Heart's Desire

(Continued from page 21)  
 sprang out of bed and dressed quickly. Then she tiptoed into the hall. It was silent as she went quietly down the stairs. The doors below were open now so she peeped through one of them. She saw a long amber-walled room, shadowy, for the curtains were still drawn close together, forbidding with a formality new to Harriet's experience, faintly odorous of flowers in a crystal bowl on a table. Catching sight of a piano at the other end of the room, she ran to it with a little exclamation of delight. She reached to open it, eager to hear its voice. But it was locked.

A piano—locked. She felt a little chill of disappointment. She did not know one could lock pianos. Turning, she tiptoed from the room.

At the foot of the stairs she met Saunders. He was holding a tray aloft. Over it his eyes regarded her with mild reproof. "The young ladies are having breakfast in their rooms," he said and waited for her to precede him up the stairs.

"Goodness," thought Harriet, hurrying toward her own room, feeling like a naughty child. And in her room she found Bettine, her back stiffer, her lips more disapproving than ever.

Her breakfast eaten, and eaten to the last morsel, Harriet hunted out the blue room. Third door to the right, Bettine had directed. She knocked on the closed door, but she did not wait for any invitation to enter. She pushed the door open and walked in.

The room was so spacious and so bright that Harriet could not at once distinguish objects in it. But in a moment her eyes found the wide, canopied bed and in its center the "cousin" she sought. The girl had raised on her elbow at Harriet's unceremonious entrance, her cheeks framed in the loosened mass of yellow hair were still flushed with sleep, her expression a little petulant.

But slowly the mild annoyance changed to amazement. The lips, half open to some query, opened wider. Harriet, in her turn, stood arrested on the threshold.

The girl on the bed was the girl-across-the-car!

In less than five minutes Harriet was perched at the foot of the bed talking to Aileen as though she had known her, this "cousin," all her life.

A slight patronage in Aileen's manner passed over Harriet's head. "We're not really cousins, you know," Aileen had protested, but Harriet did not mind the rebuke.

"I wanted to talk to you on the train, but Mrs. Macomber wouldn't let me speak to any strangers. She said it wasn't safe."

"Oh, I saw what an old fuss-budget she was! But I'd have found a way to get round her if I'd been you."

"Aren't you wild to see what Aunt Marcia's like?" Harriet pressed.

The other yawned, affecting indifference. "I don't care much what she's like. Whatever she's like we've got to be nice to her. That's what we're here for, isn't it?" Harriet did not entirely grasp Aileen's insinuation. She was thinking that Aileen was even prettier than she had appeared on the train. Her

"You look as though you were going to a party," she told Aileen.

"Why, this is just a simple little model—I wouldn't think of wearing it to a party," Aileen answered promptly.

"Let's find Cynthia now. I wonder what she'll be like," suggested Harriet.

Together they walked out into the hall. And as they emerged from Aileen's door another girl appeared in an open door at the other end of the hall. She was taller than either Aileen or Harriet; her shoulders stooped forward and she hung her head between them. A mop of red hair coiled in the back of her neck accented the droop of her figure.

"Oh, isn't she a mess?" breathed Aileen in Harriet's ear. Having seen Cynthia, Aileen decided at once to make friends with Harriet.

But Harriet felt sorry for Cynthia. "Hello! Are you Cynthia? But you are, of course, for you're all ready to go down and meet Aunt Marcia like we are. I'm your cousin, Harriet Wayne. It's distant, I know, but Miss Pepper says it's near enough to call ourselves cousins."

"I don't think I can venture to claim any relationship at all," murmured Aileen. She did not offer her hand.

Harriet threw herself into the embarrassing moment.

"Isn't it funny, the three of us being here? I mean it's nice, of course. And I shall not mind meeting Aunt Marcia at all with you two along. Last night I actually had chills at the thought. What are you going to say to her?"

"How silly you set about it," Aileen laughed scornfully. "Anyone would think you were going to be presented at court. I wouldn't be nervous if she were the Queen of England! I've gone to too many formal receptions to be nervous over a little thing like this."

Miss Pepper appeared at the head of the stairs. "Ah, I see you are acquainted. That is nice and I hope you are going to be very good friends while you are with your Aunt Marcia. She will meet you now—in her own sitting room."

Harriet could have sworn that there was a twinkle in Miss Pepper's eyes.

"Did you sleep well?" Miss Pepper asked Harriet.

"Oh, yes, like a top."

Cynthia in answer to Miss Pepper's solicitation said shyly that she had been very comfortable. Miss Pepper did not ask Aileen and Aileen did not speak to her. The four of them moved slowly down the stairway.

The room into which Miss Pepper led them was like the one into which Harriet had intruded earlier in the morning. Innumerable chairs and tables stood about in formal order.

At the far end of the room in a high-backed chair sat Aunt Marcia. Harriet's first startled impression was that

(Concluded on page 68)

### The What-I-Wish Contest

How those ballots did roll in—and up until the very last minute. You can hardly get into the Editor's office for them. And such excellent suggestions, and such well written letters that it is almost impossible to decide on the prize winners!

"I must have time to read them again," the Judge says in distraction. And Helen Ferris, snowed in under a great pile of ballots, reluctantly admits, "We'll have to wait until the December issue to announce the prize winners."



yellow hair looked like cornsilk, her eyes were the color of mother's prized delphiniums.

She was even more deeply impressed by Aileen's casual acceptance of what seemed like a great adventure to her. Aileen was not in the least awed by Bettine or Saunders, or surprised to eat supper and breakfast in her room!

Yes, she had met Miss Pepper, Aileen said, without any excitement. And when Harriet asked: "Don't you think she's darling?" she answered lazily: "Oh, she's nice enough. I didn't talk much to her. I thought she took a lot of importance to herself. She's only Aunt Marcia's secretary. She can't 'high-hat' me."

Aileen's clock struck half after ten, softly, like delicate bells swinging in the wind.

"Goodness, Aileen, get dressed. It's almost eleven. We meet Aunt Marcia at eleven."

If Aileen shared Harriet's excitement, she did not show it. She dressed very leisurely. She spent a great deal of time arranging her silky hair. When Aileen slipped over head a soft crepe dress, frilled at neck and wrists, Harriet looked doubtfully at her own travel-worn garment.

*The story of a girl who flew an airplane in December*

## CANTILEVER STORES

## Cut this Out for Reference

Akron—50 S. High St. (Keith Theatre Bldg.)  
 Albany—65 Columbus St. (cor. N. Pearl)  
 Allentown—955 Hamilton St.  
 Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302 Eleventh Ave.  
 Asheville—Pollock's, 39 Patton Ave.  
 Atlanta—120 Peachtree Arcade  
 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (Sholburne Hotel)  
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.  
 Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.  
 Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.  
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.  
 Boston } 109 Newbury St. (cor. Clarendon)  
 } Paul Chandler Shop, 50 Temple  
 Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)  
 Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Hanover Pl.)  
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)  
 Burlington—110 Lewis & Blanchard Co.  
 Charleston, W. Va.—Joe's Shoe Co.  
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.  
 Lincoln—162 North State St. (3rd floor, Butler Bldg.)  
 Chicago } 1050 Leland (near Bway.)  
 } 610 Congress Grove Ave.  
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.  
 Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.  
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)  
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg., 1717 Pacific Ave.  
 Denver—The Rike-Kumler Co.  
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.  
 Detroit—2038 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)  
 Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st Ave. W.)  
 Elizabeth—25 North Broad St.  
 Elmira—C. W. O'Shea, 141 W. Water St.  
 Elkhorn—West 9th St. 924 Ste. 200  
 Evanston—1627 Sherman Ave. (opp. P. O.)  
 Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)  
 Grand Rapids—Herpolshimer Co.  
 Greenville—Pollock's  
 Hagerstown—Bible's Shoe Shop  
 Harrisburg—217 North 2nd St.  
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.  
 Haverhill—Bennett & Co., 49 Merrimack St.  
 Holyoke—Thos. B. Childs, 275 High St.  
 Houston—205 Gulf Bldg. (take elevator)  
 Huntington—11 W. 1st St. Bradshaw-Diehl Co.  
 Indianapolis—L. A. Ayres & Co.  
 Ithaca—Rothchild Bros.  
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Opp. Seminole Hotel  
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.  
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House  
 Kansas City, Mo.—3000 Truman Bldg.  
 Louisville—N. W. E. T. Stiles & Sons  
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co., 415 Gay St.  
 Lancaster, Pa.—Watt & Shand  
 Lewiston, Me.—Lamey-Wellehan  
 Lincoln—Mayne Bros. Co.  
 Little Rock—117 W. 6th St. (Opp. Lafayette Hotel)  
 Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.  
 Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)  
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.  
 Lowell—The Bon Marche  
 Madison—W. H. Palmer Shoe Store  
 Memphis—25 North Second St.  
 Miami—McAllister Arcade (nr. Flagler St.)  
 Milwaukee—Brower Shoe Co.  
 Minneapolis—28 Eighth St., South  
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. C. & Co.  
 Nashville—J. W. Mardens & Sons  
 Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)  
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop  
 Newburgh—G. A. C. Van Beuren  
 New Haven—190 Orange St. (near Court)  
 New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (2nd floor)  
 14 W. 40th St. (South of Library)  
 New York } 762 Lexington Ave. (60th St.)  
 } 365 E. Fordham Rd. (Marian Ave.)  
 } 13 John St. (near Nassau)  
 Norfolk—A. C. & Co.  
 Oakland—516 15th St. (Opp. City Hall)  
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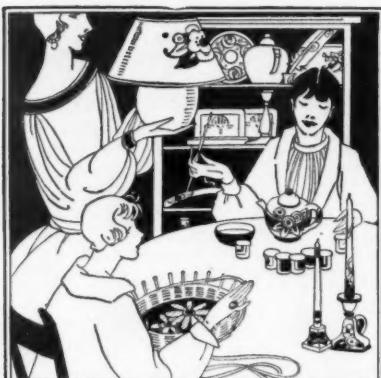
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## Becky Beats the Drum

(Continued from page 33)

it! If you had an army of girls, Captain Clark, they would be across that swamp and halfway to Vincennes by now!" She looked around scornfully. "You men can sit here and whine if you want to. I'm going to Vincennes to get my brother!" Then, ignoring them all, as if they didn't exist, she strode towards the icy marsh, beating a furious tattoo on Tom's drum to relieve her outraged feelings.

Clark, quick to see his opportunity, cried out: "There isn't a man in Kentucky who wouldn't be proud to run through water after a pretty girl! And I'm first! Come on boys!"

Clark passed Becky on the run. Jeff, following, seized her in his arms, swung her up, and sat her on his shoulder. She perched there, throbbing with excitement and drumming like mad. Clark plunged into the marsh. The icy water reached almost to his waist. Guessing that a few at least were wavering even yet, he did one of those wild things for which his men loved him. He tore off his jerkin, baring his body to the bitterly cold air.

"It's too hot for me!" he shouted. "Who's afraid to follow?"

Whooping and yelling the men rushed in after him. In this fashion they crossed miles of flooded country. The hardships continued for the several days of travel towards Vincennes but, though many of the men could hardly drag themselves along, there was no more grumbling. At last the outlines of the British fort appeared above the surface of the land. Fortunately at this point Clark captured a boat of supplies and his famished men had a full meal at last. They waited for darkness; then rushed upon the fort with a fusilade.

The firing continued all night. The Americans had the advantage because they could see the garrison and sentries, while they themselves were screened by darkness and low brush. In the flare from the fort it was not difficult for Becky to recognize Captain de Quindre on the wall.

"I suppose I ought to want him to be killed," she muttered, her teeth chattering with excitement. "But, oh, I don't! I don't!"

Next morning Clark suspended fire so that he might send messengers to Governor Hamilton demanding his surrender. The order to cease firing was not instantly understood. A few more shots whizzed across the open space. A chill gripped Becky's heart, as if with icy talons; for she saw De Quindre fall.

The parley was short. Hamilton knew that his situation was hopeless. In another hour or so Clark was master of Vincennes, and its former defenders were his prisoners. The Governor and the unwounded soldiers were taken out to be sent to Virginia under armed escort. Becky entered the fort in the afternoon. A glance at the few dead told her that De Quindre was not among them. She learned presently that he lay badly wounded in the nearby cabin of a French *habitant*. Without asking permission she joined two of Clark's men who were searching the surrounding dwellings.

They came to the *habitant's* cabin presently. Roget, the owner, told them in broken English that there was one man inside who would "die pretty soon." A moment later Becky was looking down once more into the pallid face and burning eyes of Dagniaux de Quindre.

"It is Mademoiselle Mercy!" he whispered, and smiled at her briefly.

"I reckon the Frenchman's right. This one'll give no more trouble," said one of the men with her. They went out on their round of the cabins.

"Are you very badly wounded?" she asked gently.

"Oh, oui. This time maybe I die. Why not? A wolf does not live forever."

"I'm so sorry."

"You have tears in your eyes for me? That is very beautiful. But you came to Vincennes not to see me—alas! but to find your brother. Ask Roget to take you to the cabin of Pierre Lenoir. He is there." His eyes closed. He added presently in a weaker voice. "I will not die until you return to say *adieu*. You will come?"

"Oh, yes. Indeed I will!"

Mad with impatience at the deliberate footfalls of old Roget, Becky finally arrived at Lenoir's cabin. She rushed in.

"Rod! Rod! It's Becky!" she shouted. Then she gasped and fell silent at the sight of a handsome young man, a head taller than herself.

"Becky!" he exclaimed in utter amazement and stared back at her. "Why—why—you aren't a little girl any longer!"

"No. And you are so big! Oh, Rod, mother will be so happy!"

There was so much to talk about that it was dusk again before Becky remembered the dying wolf.

"I'll come back in a little while, Rod," she promised, after telling where she was going.

"Becky," he caught her hand again. "We've talked so much about Mother and Ted and Ruthie that I haven't told you what Captain de Quindre did for us. The Indians were taking me to Detroit when their scouts finally found me. He had been searching everywhere. He bought me from them for a high price in guns and powder; and brought me here. We owe everything to him."

She nodded. "He would," she said. "He gave me his word."

At the door of Roget's cabin she met one of Clark's men who said to her:

"Better not go in, Miss. The old Frenchman says a man jes' died in thar." He moved on. Roget came out and walked slowly down the street.

Becky hesitated for a moment. Then, her heart heavy with reproach because she had neglected the dying man who had begged her to return, she went in. An old woman in a hood, who was tying a blanket about her as a shawl, was the only occupant of the room. Becky glanced timidly at the covered figure on the floor. Presently she crossed slowly to it and stooped, hesitantly putting out hand to turn back the cover from the face of the dead man. A sob broke from her. The old woman, who had come to her side noiselessly, gently took her hand, restraining her.

*"Each gift must fit the friend you give it to," says Hazel Rawson Cades*

"I didn't come back in time," Becky said, mournfully, forgetting that the woman probably did not understand English. She felt her hand gently pressed and lifted and then as gently kissed. Then she heard a whisper:

"Pray for the soul of Dagniaux de Quindre, which goes back to the wilderness from whence it came—"

"You speak English? Tell me, when did he die?"

"The wolf died when he met you—dear Mademoiselle Mercy."

Becky started violently and smothered a cry. She turned sharply. The blanketed figure was already at the door. In the dimly lit room she could catch only a faint gleam of glittering greenish eyes before the door opened and the "old woman" disappeared. Becky sank into a chair and pressed her hands over her thumping heart. Whoever lay dead under that blanket, it was not her wolf. But wounded, even badly wounded, he had been; she was certain of that. Where and how would he travel through the bleak waste and the pelting chill rain, wounded and weak as he was? What hope could he have of surviving? Perhaps he had none. Perhaps he was only choosing the fate he preferred; to die a free thing in the wilderness, rather than to be made captive by his foes. Still, he was French like most of the settlers about Vincennes; so there was a chance he knew of a safe place to go. So fierce, so terrible a man; she ought not to like him so much—yet he had been grateful and honorable—well, it was her secret, hers alone. She would not tell even Rod.

She started back to Lenoir's cabin presently. Rain was falling heavily and there was a wind. As she looked out towards the dark density beyond the fort walls there was a prayer in Becky Landers' heart for the safety of Dagniaux de Quindre out there somewhere, perhaps alone, in that drifting maze of storm and shadow.

### Who Becky Landers Is

Becky Landers, pioneer girl of old Kentucky in the time of Daniel Boone, has been the man of the family ever since her father was killed and her brother captured by Indians. She is a crack shot, can hunt like a boy, and yet is able to do all the various household tasks expected of a girl of her day. Simon Kenton, one of the settlers of Maybrook, Becky's home, describes her as "the smartest brace o' twins in ol' Kaintuck."

Becky has long been eager to join George Rogers Clark, the adventurous young frontiersman, in his winter expedition against Vincennes, in the hope that she will find her brother, Rodney. One

day in the woods, while she hunts wild turkey for her family's Christmas dinner, she accidentally fires on Indians waiting in ambush for a group of white men to come up from a boat on the river. Her shot warns the men, and when she meets them, she finds that the leader is Clark, who has come from Virginia with ammunition to "defend Kentucky."

One of the most formidable and wily enemies of the Kentuckians is Captain Dagniaux de Quindre, a French Canadian in the service of the British. His raids on the settlement at Maybrook have led the pioneers to take refuge in the fort at Boonesborough. He has once been outwitted by Becky in an attempt to get inside the fort, so when she finds him injured and caught in a bear pit in the woods, he expects that she will shoot him "like a wolf." Instead, she helps him, and in gratitude he promises on his "word of honor" to get news of her brother.

Becky next sees De Quindre at Boonesborough when he tries, by a crafty trick, to capture the men who are defending the fort. Failing in that, he attempts to blow it up, but Becky discovers him and gives the alarm to Boone. When he and his redskin followers have fled, she finds in the woods a piece of deerskin shirt inscribed with the message: "B. L. Brother well. Vincennes. D. Q." De Quindre, "the wolf," has fulfilled his promise.

More determined than ever to go with Clark to Vincennes, Becky persuades Jeff Smoke, happy-go-lucky ex-bandit, who is now a devoted follower of Clark, to aid her in masquerading as Tom Pim, the drummer-boy of the expedition. He consents, and one night the little band starts out, with only Jeff aware that it is Becky Landers, a girl, who beats the drum.

**FROM THE EDITOR:** *And so Becky Landers finds her brother and her adventures in THE AMERICAN GIRL come to a close. Yet the adventures themselves need not yet be ended for you. For here is good news—Becky is the heroine of a new book, "Becky Landers, Frontier Warrior," published this fall by The Macmillan Company. In it, Constance Lindsay Skinner not only relates the adventures which you have read in our magazine—she adds many thrilling new ones. Good news, indeed! And more—Constance Lindsay Skinner is this minute writing a new serial for us—about a heroine whom you will love as much as you do Becky and whose life is every bit as exciting. Coming—in 1927. Ask for THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas—no matter when your renewal comes due, we can renew it in December. H. F.*



*In "Let's Talk About Christmas" in the next issue*

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## When Mrs. Coolidge Was a Girl

(Continued from page 8)

radishes and lettuce were watched with great expectation. Pansy seeds were planted in a border bed. The sparrows and blackbirds, the grasshoppers and butterflies and dragon flies that flitted by were all intently observed.

The Grace of today in Washington still smiles gayly as she remembers a bit of the weekly routine of that yard. Routine was the order of the well-run household, and so just as regularly as she took her afternoon nap, or "rest hour," did she take after it on Saturday afternoons in the summer her hour of barefooted play in the grass. Shoes and stockings came off, toes and heels wriggled ecstatically in the soft grass, and she ran and capered and careened under the trees like a young colt in the meadows. She can not remember now, but perhaps she actually was pretending that she was one of the colts frisking up in Grandpa's pasture in New Hampshire!

One of these coltish escapades came close to being a tragedy, and one of the cheeks which still carry the color of Vermont roses almost carried a great scar for the rest of time. Little Grace had taken off her shoes and stockings for the Saturday afternoon run and was dashing out through the kitchen to the yard. Mother turned briskly from the stove to the sink with a hot kettle in her hand. She did not hear the soft touch of the bare little feet until the two collided. The soft cheek fell sharply against the hot kettle, making a terrible burn! But fortunately mother was very clever and quick with first aid, and not only did the worst of the pain subside during the afternoon, but there was no scar at all after a few months.

One of the great treats of those early years, a step beyond the pretend parties with her mother, were the calls she exchanged with mother's grown-up friends. She particularly fancied visiting the very old ladies, and with workbag on her arm, containing knitting or dolls' sewing, she would sally forth with the importance of any middle-aged matron for an afternoon of chat and needlework.

One longer visit still stands out in her mind as one of the most exciting events of her little girlhood, and snapping eyes and radiant smile and vivid gesture still accompany her glowing account of the thrilling details of that week. Her father, alas, had had a very serious accident on one of the boats, and her five years echoed the loving anxiety of her mother's face and heart. The home with its pain and sorrow and impending disaster seemed too gruesome a place for a sunny little girl, so her mother readily accepted the urgent invitation of their dear friend, almost elderly Mrs. Yale, that Grace should go to make her a week's visit. Mrs. Yale backed up the invitation to Grace herself with an account of the backwardness of her housekeeping affairs at the moment and the help that she was confidently expecting in it from Grace herself. Grace gave the subject

*Do you enjoy reading "The American Girl"?*

the weighty consideration it demanded, packing a valise with the clothes she selected after careful deliberation, choosing the two best behaved and beloved of the dolls to make the visit with her and arranging for the welfare of the others in her absence. Realizing that she could not do efficient work in Mrs. Yale's housecleaning operations with that lady's oversized implements, she took a nice assortment of her own over with her.

Can't you see Mrs. Yale's smile of welcome as her young guest arrived with the valise, the dolls, the work-bag full of half-done doll garments and bits from which to contrive others, and the little broom and dustpan and carpet-sweeper! It was a wonderful week. The grown-up Grace still beams as she tells of it, remembering the happy details of that long chum together, when she felt herself quite the elderly companion of Mrs. Yale. How they swept and dusted and washed windows and cleaned closets! An orgy of "straightening up"! And for relaxation they would sit in two great rockers, small Grace's heels barely protruding over the edge of the seat of hers, discussing their children and the weather and all other grown-up-lady topics over their needlework!

In the wing of Mrs. Yale's house lived her mother and father, called "Grandpa and Grandma Lewis" by Grace, to whom of course they were no relation. And she varied her visits to Mrs. Yale by neighborly ones next door to the Lewises. Father fortunately improved rapidly, and at the end of the week the little visitor gathered up her belongings and went joyously home, appreciating the loved ones there all the more for the short absence.

This was the first visit she had ever made from home alone, but of visits with her mother and father there had been many, and many followed in after years. One grandmother and grandfather lived far up in New Hampshire, and here they always spent at least one week in the summer. Here she learned from experience of the many things that she read about farms and country life during the years in town. Here she was intensely interested in all the farm occupations and especially in its animals. Cows and horses, calves and colts, sheep and lambs, chickens, dogs, cats, all furnished their due share to her delight, and incidentally to her education. She found here ample store in later years, too, of material for those long rounds of essays which the winter English courses demanded at high school!

The other grandfather and grandmother, with uncles, aunts and cousins galore lived down in Massachusetts, and here too a thrilling yearly visit was paid.

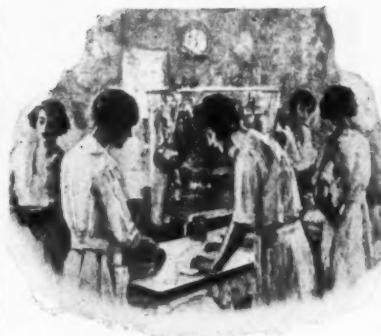
Christmas soon took its place with the birthday as one of the two great holidays of the year. Christmas presents were made for father and mother, relatives and friends and teachers, and highly treasured presents came from them all. But the real thrill came from her stockings and Santa Claus. He came in the night and filled her stockings bountifully; nearly all of her suggestions made in her many letters to him were followed, and

unthought of surprises were added. How she loved him! But not content to leave her his remembrances in the middle of the night, he usually came back in the afternoon to see how she enjoyed her new acquisitions, and to bring fruit and candy and further trinkets. This second visit occurred at the regular Christmas party which was held in alternate years either at the Goodhue home or at that of intimate family friends where there were two children, in quite another part of town. It was at this party that the Christmas tree always burst upon them in its dazzling surprise, and here Santa Claus appeared himself, red-gowned and capped, with his long fluffy white hair and beard and bushy eyebrows, jolly and playful after his hard night's work around the world was finished. The one factor that did not make its happiness complete was that for one reason or another from year to year the specially beloved young uncle who was living with them while he attended the University of Vermont, was never able to be with them for the whole party, and always just missed seeing Santa!

Winter sports loomed larger upon her horizon as she grew older. When little, she slid on the soles of her own stout winter boots on the ice near the pump in the back yard, when mother permitted leaving off the arctics, or down the slippery cellar door; mother or father drew the sled where she was cosily tucked up as they went on their errands or on a Sunday afternoon walk; and she went sleigh-riding with them behind horses with jingling bells. Then, when she was a big girl of seven or more, in the fourth grade and higher, she took a happy part in the winter sports of the neighborhood. Her red toboggan-suit with its black stripes, made by her mother from a warm woolly blanket as was the fashion of the time, was a long red streak on her sled as she flew down the lesser hills reserved for the younger school children. And she still can remember the beating of her heart and the cold, frosty crispness of the air the first time she was considered old enough to join in an afternoon bob-sleigh ride with twenty or more boys and girls, all snuggled down in the hay of a farmer's big wagon-box placed on sturdy runners instead of wheels. How they shouted and laughed and sang the gayest of the school songs to the accompaniment of the sleigh-bells!

Years later, in high school, these rides were deferred until moonlit evenings, and were broken in amid-times for an hour or two for dancing and an oyster supper at an old-fashioned country inn or some schoolmate's country home. Planning for their own music and supper, a group had to make their own arrangements for dancing, either in a private home or a town or village hall, or at the country wayside inn which existed solely for the convenience of travellers who with their slow horses could not always make the distances from town to town without halting. Music was difficult to obtain. There were no phonographs or gramophones or mechanical player-pianos or radio even such a few

(Continued on page 46)



77

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I want Peppie Pasters and I want 'em  
quick. Enclosed is a dime for 105 of  
them. My dealer hasn't them yet.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Dealer's Name.....

## When Mrs. Coolidge Was a Girl

(Continued from page 45)

short years ago. Music for all formal occasions must be employed. But girls and boys wanted to dance much oftener than they could find dollars to pay a pianist or violinist, not even considering the town orchestra. And then so often you want to dance on a moment's notice, and it is not always easy to find a musician even in the middle of the afternoon who is free to play the same evening. But such matters did not overly bother the girls and boys before mechanical music. They just played themselves; most often on the piano, but frequently on violin or banjo or mandolin, boy and girl took turn about at providing the lilting rhythm for the rest to dance to. And Grace Goodhue in her teens was ever willing to take her place at the piano instead of on the floor, for waltz or two-step. Such swinging, gliding, sliding, skating motion the dancing was then, too, with the rhythm of melodies!

We have a delightful photograph of her in those high school days, when they had balloon sleeves instead of balloon tires. We can see that friendly disposition shining through the clear eyes—which queerly enough had turned from the brown of little girlhood to the loveliest clear pellucid gray. As you look at her in the photograph you can imagine her asking what tune you want her to play, as she sits down at the piano for the rest of you to dance; or waiting for the fudge to sugar in a friend's room; or listening for the end of the story which a favorite teacher is reading at a tiny Sunday evening party. And she must have looked very much like that when she stood on the platform at her High School Commencement and gave her graduating address. It was on "Tramp Instinct"—what a Girl Scouting subject! How, in fact, her girlhood compassed the range of the most characteristic Girl Scout activities, from all the domestic learning of the real "Little House" to the picnics and nature-lore in the country in the summer and the jolly outdoor fun centering on the lake in the winter. It was not necessary for her to have an accepted slogan to do a good turn daily. She did many of them, just naturally. And as to "Tramp Instinct," we will ask her right here, *please* to look through all the Vermont trunks the next time she goes back, and see if she can not find it for us to print in THE AMERICAN GIRL!

One incident that she sometimes still quotes between chuckles, saying it illustrates how pride is apt to take its due fall, must have occurred about the time of the balloon-sleeves photograph. For there were balloon sleeves in the story too—but they were in her first absolutely grown-up "suit." Her braids had been gathered up to her head with hairpins and a carved tortoise shell comb, her skirts had been lengthened till their five yards of binding-braid touched the ground as she walked—and, incidentally, had to

(Continued on page 51)

When you buy things advertised in our pages —



**Singer Free Instruction  
will help you win  
your Dressmaker's Badge**

*As every Girl Scout knows, one of the qualifications for this badge is to be able to clean, oil and run a sewing machine. An expert instructor at any Singer Shop will be glad to give you just the help you need.*

## Every Scout HEADQUARTERS can now be SEWING Headquarters

**H**ERE IS some real news for Girl Scouts everywhere who want to learn to make their own clothes. It also brings you a plan by which you can win the Dressmaker's Badge.

For several years the Singer Sewing Machine Company, through its educational department, has been cooperating with schools and colleges in their sewing programs. Now this service is to be extended to Girl Scout Troops. It will be provided in each instance in a way that exactly fits your circumstances and your needs.

Any individual Girl Scout can go to any Singer Shop anywhere in the world and receive *free* instruction in the proper care and use of a sewing machine. Or Scouts may arrange to go to the

Shop in groups. Or, arrangements will be made for a special teacher to visit Scout Headquarters and give instruction there.

This service is furnished without any cost or obligation whatever. It is provided solely to cooperate in the splendid plan of the Girl Scout Organization to encourage Scouts to sew, and to make possible in the home, through the Scouts, a more understanding and profitable use of the modern sewing machine.

Should you desire to secure for your troop headquarters a sewing machine of your own, it may be had at a substantial special discount from regular prices. But the service is in no sense dependent upon the purchase of such equipment.

### "Short Cuts to Home Sewing"—FREE! for all members of your troop

This remarkable book is a practical sewing guide that shows by clear directions and wonderful pictures how to apply bindings, sew on lace, make hems, tucks, ruffles, plait, how to save time in a hundred ways with a sewing machine. We shall be glad to furnish free to any troop leader, enough copies so that each girl may have one. Ask for them at any Singer Shop or simply send the coupon.

# SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Entire contents of this advertisement copyright 1926 The Singer Manufacturing Co.

### Scouts!

Show this to your leader and ask her to send it for you.

Singer Sewing Machine Co.  
Dept. 41-L, Singer Building, New York

Please send us, free, ..... copies of "Short Cuts to Home Sewing" for the members of our Troop

Leader's Name.....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Would you like to have particulars about the Singer special sewing instruction service for Girl Scouts?

Would you like to have special prices on a modern Singer Sewing Machine for your Troop?

*Tell our advertisers you saw their advertisement in "The American Girl"*

## THE AMERICAN GIRL HONOR ROLL

*This month we honor*

The Purple Pansy Troop of Copperfield, Utah



*This is the Purple Pansy Troop of Copperfield, Utah. We have chosen them for this month's American Girl Honor Roll because of their splendid work in obtaining subscriptions for THE AMERICAN GIRL.*

"The Purple Pansy Troop are very happy over the subscriptions which we have been able to send in. We have been organized for seven months and our membership now numbers eighteen. We were successful in obtaining fifteen subscriptions. This was due to the work of the Subscription Committee. The Girl Scouts had read THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine and they felt that they had a good magazine, which everyone should read. Then, too, the parents in Copperfield believe in the Girl Scouts and so were ready to subscribe to our magazine for the girls."—From the Troop Scribe.

**Are you a 100% subscribing troop?**

*Do you otherwise qualify for THE AMERICAN GIRL Honor Roll? Then send in your photograph. This space will hereafter be reserved for troops who qualify for THE AMERICAN GIRL Honor Roll.*



## Miss Harris' Florida School

*Under Northern management Northern Faculty  
Tourist pupils use home textbooks*

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENTS

Primary, Intermediate and College Preparatory Courses. Excellent College Preparatory Record.

Ocean Bathing, Tennis, Horseback Riding, throughout the Winter.

Chaperoned party from New York and Chicago

School uninjured by storm. Classes proceeding under normal conditions with good registration.

For Catalog and Folder of Views address

**Julia Fillmore Harris, Principal**  
1057 Brickell Avenue  
Miami, Florida



## Trails to the End of the Rainbow

*(Continued from page 22)*

stems, rich colorings, and full blossoms.

And, lest we forget your own favorite, THE AMERICAN GIRL, I must tell you of the number of enthusiastic girls who are taking advantage of the special offer to troops and individuals through the Earn-Your-Own Club plan. Not only are they happy earning the things they most wish for, but at the same time they are giving other girls the opportunity to read a magazine which will interest and benefit them. Be sure to write to the editor at once about this.

Now that we have talked of the many interesting avenues which lead to the Highway of Money Making, perhaps you would like to hear some of the things we have learned from the girls who have traveled these avenues.

Since theirs is a real business, it must be planned on a businesslike basis and a record of time and expense kept. There is always the danger of spending more than you will be able to realize by having your money tied up in articles which are slow to sell. By starting in a small way you will avoid this pitfall.

Another question you must ask yourself about any money-making plan is, "Is there a market in my community for this service or article?" Because a girl in another town or state has been successful with some idea does not always mean that in your community it will succeed. Study your local conditions and embark upon something for which there will be a popular demand.

Interest your mother and your older friends in your plan, too, that they may accompany you when it is necessary for you to meet the public. This lends a certain dignity and protection that you want.

Girls who have really succeeded, have held their product to high ideals. It is not just "good" today and "fair" tomorrow, but *always* good. You might work out a score card of your own to check the results of your plan, covering such points as the cost of your materials, workmanship, appearance, flavor (if foods), uniform quality, and prompt delivery. This last is important, for it is the matter of absolutely keeping your promises. And if you sell your personal services at any time, do your best always. Have you found the thing that you can do well?

Then you have at your fingertips the key to money-making.

### *How to make "Gladima Scout" herself*

**FACE:** Paint features with India ink on a white paper sticker large enough to cover front of lollipop.

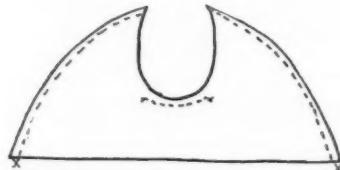
**HAIR:** Cut strip of light brown crêpe paper long enough and wide enough to well cover lollipop. Then cut two opposite edges into fine fringe across grain of crêpe, leaving one-half inch band plain through center of the strip. Paste this plain band to lollipop, gathering the strip

*Prep school boys and boarding school boys and a Christmas houseparty*

slightly as you paste. This plain band forms center part of the hair. Draw both fringed sides close to lollipop, pasting it in place. For rolls on the sides of the head, stretch a strip of light brown crépe paper and roll it together tightly. Wind this rolled piece into flat ball and paste in place.

**COLLAR:** Cut piece of light brown crépe paper No. 71 according to shape shown on the Diagram. Paste round stick of lollipop on dotted line and tie ends in front to represent tie. Fold ends x and x back.

**BASE:** Insert stick in button mold used for a base.



Cut the crepe paper collar in this shape

#### How to make "Gladima Scout" Lollipops

4 cups granulated sugar  
1 1/3 cups light colored corn syrup  
1 1/2 cups water  
1 teaspoonful oil of cloves, cinnamon, or peppermint

Measure the sugar, corn syrup, and water and stir in saucepan. Place over the fire and continue to stir until the sugar has dissolved. Continue cooking without stirring until the syrup is brittle when tried in cold water, or until 310 degrees is reached when tested with candy thermometer.

While cooking wash down the sides of the pan with a wet cloth wrapped around the tines of a fork to remove the sugar crystals from the edge of the pan.

Drop the syrup from the tip of a tablespoon on a greased inverted platter or baking sheet. Press end of wooden skewer into edge of lollipop. At this point it is well to have someone help who will take care of the skewers as you must work quickly to prevent syrup from hardening before all are poured.

Loosen from platter before the lollipops become too firm, otherwise they will crack when removed.

#### How to make Taffy Apples

12 small apples  
12 wooden skewers  
1 cup light brown sugar  
1 cup water

Measure the sugar and add water, stirring over the fire until the sugar has dissolved. Cook until brittle when tried in cold water. Wash down the sides of the pan with wet cloth tied to tines of fork to remove crystals. Do not stir while cooking, as it tends to cause crystallization. Stick the sharpened point of the skewer well into each apple, dip apple in syrup and twirl around to completely cover apple with syrup. Remove quickly and cool by standing in wire dish drainer or letter basket.



# A Girl Scout is Thrifty

*This is a law of Scouting and a helpful rule to follow throughout life*

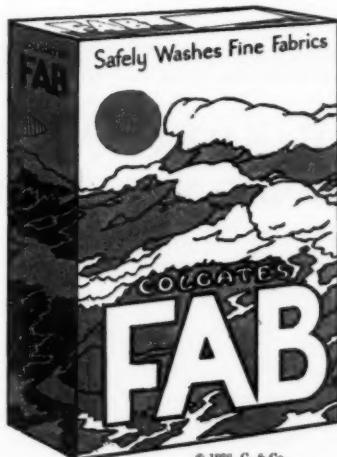
BY washing her own underclothes—quickly and easily in the wash-bowl—a Girl Scout can keep her underthings so dainty, and make them last twice as long.



Washing is always well done with Fab suds. Fab is safe for washing frilly underclothes, for washing stockings, knickers, and pajamas.

With Fab suds washing is like child's play—no rubbing, no washboard, not much time spent at all. Fab suds come quickly, last long. To make suds, turn hot water on the flakes to melt them—these thin flakes break at once into heavy suds. Now add cold water until the suds are barely warm. Then, when squeezed through a soiled garment they gather up all the dirt. And in the rinsing water, dirt and suds float quickly away.

It takes one or two suds and two or three rinsings.



If you have a special garment to wash and want information on how to do it . . . write to Janet Read, c/o Colgate & Company.

Altogether only a few minutes at the wash-bowl and you are through—clothes are clean—hands are still white and soft.

*There is a special FREE sample of Fab for every Girl Scout. Send in the coupon for yours.*

Janet Read, Dept. 201 B,  
Colgate & Company,  
581 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Madame: I want to try Fab for washing underclothes. Will you send me the sample box?

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

—they are in Phyllis Duganne's Christmas story next month

[ This is the prize-winning advertisement in the contest held by The Osborne Specialty Company—won by Miss Carol Jean Turner, Patrol Leader, Eagle Patrol, Pine Troop No. 1, Thomaston, Connecticut. Miss Turner has won for her troop a prize of fifty dollars in equipment to be ordered from the National Equipment Department at National Headquarters. ]

## ! ATTENTION !

# Girl Scouts



Be prepared with an Osborne.  
Everyone will want to buy one.  
No risk, fuss or worry.  
Earn money for your Camp Fund.  
Five cents each—selling price.  
It pays to sell Osborne.  
Two dollars and seventy cents  
profit per gross.

Order Osborne's hexagon pencils.  
Select your favorite color.  
Blue, lavender, green, yellow, gray, and red.  
Opportunity is knocking now.  
Red rubber erasers on each pencil.  
Net cash 30 to 60 days after date of invoice.  
Easy writing graphite points.

Premium with every seven gross sale.  
Every pencil labeled to order.  
Now is the time to order.  
Charming Parker Lady Duofold is premium.  
Intelligent people know their value.  
Let Osborne's earn your money.  
Save time, money and patience.



## THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW YORK

IN ORDERING USE THE COUPON BELOW

AG. Nov. '26

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.,  
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:

You may send us ..... gross "Benefit Pencils" in ..... finish enamel at \$4.50 per gross and print from the following copy:  
It is agreed that if our order reads for seven gross or more of the pencils we are to receive a genuine Parker Lady Duofold Pencil—free.

Name of Troop.....

Captain.....

City or Town.....

State.....

No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being printed cannot be returned for credit.

19.....

*Read our advertisements—they tell you much you want to know*

## When Mrs. Coolidge Was a Girl

(Continued from page 46)

be renewed every few weeks! And the smart new Eton suit had all the signs and symbols of young ladyhood, even though she was still in High School. Its greatest cause of pride to its owner was the extremely modish real silk lining—silk lining, which you certainly never had until you were quite advanced in years and dignity, and silk lining of a strikingly lovely hue!

Grace went over on a boat with her father to spend a few days with her very dear friend Hannah at Plattsburg. Picnics, and party "visiting" kept days and evenings full, and many contented hours were spent driving about the lovely country in Hannah's smart little buggy, behind Hannah's lively-stepping horse.

One day they decided to drive five miles over to the distinctly summer colony at Bluff Point. So, marking its recognized sophistication from the truly rustic nature of the country of their earlier drive, Grace donned the modish new Eton suit for the occasion, instead of the accustomed freshly starched blue gingham. Hannah showed approval by wearing her own most fashionable day frock. The day was warm, so after a few miles Grace removed her jacket and held it across her knees. Before reaching the hotels and cottages of Bluff Point, Grace realized the informality of this procedure, and studied the situation a moment for a sufficiently picturesque solution. She achieved it by folding the jacket trimly along its most alluring lines, and laying it jauntily over the back of the seat between them, lining side out.

Hannah's appraising eye followed it. "That certainly gives the last touch to our outfit," she laughed, "anyone would think we were both in our twenties!"

Without doubt they made a more than attractive picture as they bowed smartly along, the clear ring of the horse's iron-shod hoofs and the buggy's steel-rimmed wheels echoing from the hard road.

As they swirled up the broad sweep of road in front of the big summer hotel, with its rows of guests doing embroidery and reading on the wide veranda, they made the sort of picture Charles Dana Gibson then liked to draw. They chatted brightly to each other, apparently quite oblivious to the fact that fifty pairs of eyes turned to watch them as they passed, but instinctively Grace straightened a little more in the crisp white shirt waist, with its high collar and billowing sleeves, and held the stiff straw hat a little higher, while Hannah gave a deft flick to the whip that made the well-groomed sorrel horse step out yet a little faster.

"Now for the Eton lining for their last glimpse," she murmured, and Grace smiled mischievous appreciation.

But what was that raucous noise behind? They could sense a wave of comment from the veranda. A small boy's strident yelp was surely following them.

"Hi, lady! Wait a minute. You dropped something!"

Casually Hannah glanced behind, then reined in Sorrel with mingled smothered exclamations of annoyance and amusement. The back of the seat was empty, and a small bell-boy came puffing up behind them shaking and clumsily brushing a very dusty Eton jacket—with the gay lining side out!

It was only a passing moment's pretty picture to the rocking host on the veranda, but to the two girls, lost in gales of merriment as soon as they had rounded the safe bend of the road, it was an ever-to-be-remembered lesson about the perversity of inanimate things, or the futility of planning your stage setting too carefully.

Winter sports grew into real sports with Grace Goodhue's advancing teens. The strapped skates that her father had carefully taught her to manage when they first skated together when she was eight and Dutchman's roll and angel's skates that fitted on with a key. On them she did many miles of lake shore and river, and passed from the figure-eight and Dutchman's roll and angel's wings on to much more elaborate figure skating, and to icy hockey and "drop the handkerchief" and many games.

Sliding down hill on the little sled gave way to real tobogganing. Burlington had a wonderful toboggan slide, starting on a high hill behind the town, coming down one of the broad streets protected from horse traffic straight through the town itself, and ending on the edge of the lake where the loaded toboggans sped far out over its glassy surface. The winter fun culminated in the gaiety of a week of winter carnival in which all the neighborhood participated—when brightly clad toboggan and skating clubs came from miles around, even from far up above the Canadian frontier.

She remembers particularly one sleigh ride out to a "sugaring off" at a maple sugar camp. The winter picnic, the tramp round the route of the sap-gatherers to the tapped trees, the "boiling-down," the constant tasting of the luscious stuff through its various stages, all in the crisp air with the crunching snow under foot and still lying in long, white folds over the hillsides and under the bare trees furnished an exhilaration of work and pleasure unknown to dwellers beneath warmer southern skies.

She had a vivid, vital love for the life of that school period—the girls and boys and teachers and all the fun and frolic and festivities where she was always a very popular figure, not only because of her own engaging personality, but also because of her friendliness and kindly interest in others.

Sunday School and later, going to church with mother and father, had been as unquestioned a routine and as interesting as going to school. Her religious life had unfolded as naturally and spontaneously as the summer flowers, in the time-honored New England custom, and when she was sixteen years old she joined

(Concluded on page 67)



**A complete  
waterproof  
first-aid kit  
For just a few hours  
of your spare time**

EVER been caught in the woods in a rainstorm? Didn't you wish you had something dry to carry things in?

That's just what EVERDRI is—a neat compact nickel case—*absolutely waterproof*—keeps matches and other articles safe and dry.

And inside your EVERDRI you'll find a complete first-aid kit for campers—compress bandage—iodine and brush—Band-Aid—and a first-aid chart that tells you just what to do in emergencies.

YOU can earn an EVERDRI case for just a few hours of your time. Think of it—a dandy camper's kit that won't cost you a cent of money—for nothing except a morning's work.

Thousands of girls have already won an EVERDRI. Let us tell you how you can win yours. Just tear out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it to us for complete instructions.



Complete first-aid equipment carried in a compact waterproof case

Johnson & Johnson, Dept. L

P. O. Box 17, New Brunswick, N. J.  
Tell me how to earn an EVERDRI set.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

**Christmas presents, Christmas packages, Christmas cookies in December**

FULL  
SIZE

PAB

REAL  
VALUE

## RUBBERIZED CRETONNE APRONS

\$1<sup>00</sup>  
each postpaid

## CAPTAINS!

We have a very attractive agents' proposition whereby your troops can make a real profit selling PAB Aprons. Write for full particulars.

WHEN helping mother with the household work—washing dishes, canning, cooking or cleaning—in the afternoon or evening when you serve refreshments at your home party—you will welcome this PAB rubberized apron. Made of cretonne in daintily colored patterns. Wear your finest clothes beneath without fear of soiling. A damp cloth will clean it like new.

WE can best tell you of their goodness by quoting an unsolicited letter received from one of our multitude of satisfied users.

"I am enclosing my check for \$12.00 for which please send me one dozen of your rubberized PAB Aprons.

"I cannot resist telling you how pleased I am with them. They have saved me many a bill from the cleansers. This because I can put one of your aprons on before serving dinner, knowing that there is no danger of ruining my dress. With the ordinary household aprons, one is not safe from liquids or grease, as there is no rubber back to protect the under garment.

"So many of my friends have admired them that I have given the aprons away as bridge prizes and gifts."

(Name of writer on request)

WEAR them yourself. Mother would like some too. Splendid for parties as gifts and as presents to your friends on birthdays and other occasions.

PARAMOUNT MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
68 Fayette St., Boston, Mass.

PARAMOUNT MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASS.

Enclosed please find \$..... and send..... PAB RUBBERIZED CRETONNE  
APRONS, postpaid, to

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

*"Step . . . Step . . . on the flagstone walk . . ." Is it a ghost?*

## Captain Don Plays a New Game

(Continued from page 15)

put my arms around her and give her a big hug. After all, she is so inexperienced, so young really, in spite of her age! Her first dance—imagine it. But Doris dragged me away into the hall. People were already thronging up the stairs and we had to be proper hostesses—at least until our mothers got there.

At the very first dance we saw what the boys meant to do. For, although there was a half dozen boys more than girls, Ellen had no partner. She sat all alone in the middle of the long row of empty chairs against the wall opposite the piano, looking on. The left-over boys lounged in the doorway, waiting their chance to cut in, as oblivious of Ellen, apparently, as though she didn't exist.

It must be frightful to be a wall-flower. You sit with a smile on your stiff lips pretending to be just too interested for words in the way people are dancing. Or else you sidle over to the chaperones and eagerly listen in on their fascinating conversations. At least that is what you do when you are left out for a dance or two. But when you are left out for the whole evening! What do you do then?

Well, Ellen didn't do anything that one would expect. She sat frozen during the first dance, not even pretending to be happy by herself. For the next dance or so my mother was with her, being as nice as mother knows how, which is pretty nice. She said afterward that Ellen had been courteous and intelligent, but that she was firm in her refusal to go back across the hall with her and join the chaperones. She had insisted that she would rather sit there by herself. Mother left her then; but try as hard as she could mother couldn't succeed in catching the eye of a "stag" or in managing to get partners for the new girl. The boys had come to the dance absolutely determined to snub Ellen.

Doris and I, and even Anna Riggs, did what we could. But it seemed to make it worse—to rub it in—to go and sit with her, and then be whisked away when the dance music began each time and leave her there partnerless. And we couldn't budge those boys, either. You know how boys can be when they've made up their minds.

And at last Ellen solved her own problem. Up until nine o'clock or so she had been merely silent and wistful and numbly surprised. But from that time on she had her own resources. She decided to play dolls!

"Father isn't coming for me until eleven," she told my mother, who had gone back to her. "I've got to amuse myself until then. Don't bother about me, please, any more. I'm going to play with Billy."

Billy is the lace handkerchief doll. She made him then and there out of her lace handkerchief. She had made handkerchief dolls before in school for fun and they were clever. But Billy was the cleverest so far. He had dangling legs and arms

(Continued on page 64)

## Always In Demand

Bright eyes, clear complexion, abounding health and happiness—that's personality! Active, athletic, smart and attractive. That is the modern girl. Irresistible with the poise that physical fitness assures.

## Shredded Wheat

supplies the extra snap and vitality and marks the popular girl at work or play. It contains the essential elements of the whole wheat grain balanced as Nature intended. BRAN, SALTS, PROTEINS, CARBOHYDRATES and VITAMINES nourish bone, brawn and brain.

You can enjoy Shredded Wheat for any meal. Serve it with hot or cold milk and sugar or with the fruit you like best. But begin now to

## MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT



### Stories by Thomson Burtis

Those of you who occasionally borrow your brother's magazine, *The American Boy*, will be happy to know that Thomson Burtis is going to write an adventure story for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—it is called '*Chuting Home*', for the December issue. And certainly no one is better fitted to write adventure stories.

In the five years after college, he was tennis teacher, newspaperman, circus clown, actor, oil field worker in Texas and Mexico, clerk at a meat market, and fiction writer. Some of these jobs, he says, were undertaken in order to eat; others to get material for stories. Now he is in Alaska on the trail of new adventures.

In 1917 he became a flying officer in the Army Air Service, and piloted almost every type of airship, from tiny little single-seated scouts to the big Caproni. The airplane that figures in '*Chuting Home*', as well as the officers of the air station, are all old friends of his.

Among his books are *Russ Farrell, Airmen*, and *Russ Farrell, Test Pilot*. *The Circus in the Clouds* and *Russ Farrell, Border Patrolman*, are soon to be published by Doubleday, Page &



Thomson Burtis  
Company

Find the answer in Augusta Huiell Seaman's mystery story in December

## Have You Met Maida

—the most delightful companion a girl can have?



By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

### MAIDA'S LITTLE SCHOOL

This is the latest volume of the adventures of Maida Westabrook. Together with her friends, in the club known as the Big Eight, Maida attends a different kind of a school and not only learns wonderful things but has wonderful adventures. In addition there is a treasure hunt which will intrigue and delight all girls who love romance. \$1.50

### MAIDA'S LITTLE SHOP

Maida has already made friends with thousands of readers. The story of her own little shop and of the friends she makes over the counter will not only interest you but will give you an excellent suggestion for one of the best of rainy-day games. \$1.50

### MAIDA'S LITTLE HOUSE

Here Maida sets up housekeeping. Together with the Big Eight she is given a little house to take care of, to live in, and to run all her own. All the Big Eight needs now is adventure and it comes with an exciting discovery in a cave. Don't miss the happiness in each Maida Book. \$1.50

Ask your bookseller

THE VIKING PRESS  
30 IRVING PL., NEW YORK

## Books



### For Fireside Adventurers

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

If you have read my story in the front of the magazine this month, you will not wonder that I take the top of the book column to tell you there is a new book on walking tours that will be published by the time you read this. The Girl Guides of England are excited over it and say it is great. This is *The Gentle Art of Tramping*, by Stephen Graham (Appleton), who certainly knows what he is talking about, for he has gone afoot through Russia, in the Far North and the Crimea, with pilgrims to Jerusalem and with immigrants to the Far West, with our own poet, Vachel Lindsay, through the Rockies, and has traveled in Egypt, Bulgaria, Roumania and Norway. Watch for this book. Now for the collection I have been gathering on my desk. It is a great month for islands in fiction, as you will shortly see, but I must let you know first about some practical books so important that the stories must wait.

*Modern Aladdins and Their Magic*, by Charles Rush and Amy Winslow (Little, Brown), might have been written for Girl Scouts, it answers so many of their questions. I was asked this summer to choose a bookshelf for a growing family and I put this in at once. Taking a modern house room by room it tells where everything came from and under what circumstances—often strange enough—it came to us. A house shows up unexpected possibilities when you discover what romance has filled your pantry, what history lurks in your umbrella stand.

*What Girls Can Do*, by Ruth Wanger (Holt), is not only for girls but about them: I might put that the other way around, for most books on the choice of a calling in life are prepared for the use of teachers or advisers, while this one is to be used by the girl herself, either for home reading or as a textbook in school. In either case she will find at the end of each chapter practical problems helpful in finding out what sort of work she is best fitted to perform and at the age when school days are drawing to a close this is a subject that interests modern girls as much as it has

always interested boys. Work in offices and at business, as skilled artisans, in the professions, especially those concerned with health, in the arts, in social service—it covers many fields. You will see beforehand some of the advantages and drawbacks of the work you may have in mind.

There are ideas that girls could use in *101 New Ways for Women to Make Money*, by Ruth Leigh (Simon and Shuster). This book is made out of short articles that have appeared in a popular magazine. Many are what we used to call "pin-money" ideas, but from several a girl living at home could work up a regular business. There are, for instance, suggestions for marketing mint, renting records, running a toy hospital or a gown hospital. The advice on finding markets is sensible. *Gift and Art Shop Merchandising*, by Grace P. T. Knudson (Little, Brown), shows exactly how to furnish, decorate, equip and conduct the sort of shop that can be so charming when it is right and so awful when it is wrong. The chapter on Business Theory Boiled Down is just what is needed by a young person beginning any sort of successful buying and selling, and for the gift shop the one on buying is especially needed. This book is one of a series. Two of the others are on tea rooms and restaurants; I hope there will be others, for they would save making many mistakes.

Now for those islands. Hildegard Hawthorne, whose *Makeshift Farm* (Appleton) was so popular last year, has given us another novel about the same charming and original family, called *Island Farm* (Appleton). They go to a "bright harbor, purple-blue, almost surrounded by a thin line of snow-white beach over which stooped, twisting this way and that, row on row of cocoanut palms." It is an island in the West Indies, where the family starts raising vegetables and manages to start much else besides—adventure, ghost stories, all sorts of colorful excitements, among the natives. British residents and

(Continued on page 56)

*The story of Maria Feritza who wanted to sing—next month*



## NEW BOOKS

Romance, adventure, history; exciting plots, memorable heroes; these are the books written because the authors had to tell a story, so they are books that older boys and girls read and lend each other again and again.



**SNAKE GOLD**—A Tale of Indian Treasure. *By Hervey White.* Ill. by Elizabeth MacKinstry. \$1.75.

A search for treasure in the mountains and tropical desert of Mexico. The mark of the snake is the pledge of the ancient Aztec gods to protect the mine where it is hidden.

**THE GAUNTLET OF DUNMORE.** *By Hawthorne Daniel.* Ill. by Henry Pitz. \$1.75.

A boy sets out from the quiet gardens where he has grown up to make his way in the world. Through war and treachery, Edward Dunmore is helped by his faithful friend, Robin the Archer.

**THE SCAMP.** *By Virgil Markham.* Ill. by Henry Pitz. \$2.25.

A gentleman highwayman comes riding. The romance and mystery of his wild career make a great tale for older boys and girls.

**THE MOUNTAIN OF JADE.** *By Violet Irwin.* Based on the Arctic diaries of Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Ill. by James Daugherty. \$1.75.

A thrilling adventure story of the wooded north, where Eskimos and Indians meet. Whale hunts, walrus hunts—then the mysterious forest, whose silence is shattered by rifle shots.

**A BOY'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ARCTIC.** *By Kennett Rawson.* Introduction by MacMillan. Many photographs. \$1.75.

Kennett Rawson, the boy of fourteen who went to the Arctic with MacMillan in 1925, has written a story of his experiences during those exciting months.

**THE WHITE LEADER.** *By Constance Lindsay Skinner.* Ill. by Remington Schuyler. \$1.75.

In this new frontier book, by the author of "Silent Scot," Lachlan Douglas, the boy adopted by the chief of the Creeks, is a link in the breaking chain of the White Leader's dream of an American Empire.

**BECKY LANDERS: FRONTIER WARRIOR.** *By Constance Lindsay Skinner.* Ill. \$1.75.

Because she could sew and weave like a clever girl, as well as trap and shoot like a boy, Simon Kenton, the famous scout, said, "That gal is twins!" The stories that appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, woven together with many more, into a fine continued story.

**TOTO AND THE GIFT.** *By Katharine Adams.* Ill. by Eric Pape. \$1.75.

From the cathedral at Rheims and the devastated area, Toto comes to New York in search of opportunity to develop her gift.

## THINGS TO DO

**GAMES FOR EVERY DAY.** *By Gabrielle Elliott and Arthur Forbush.* Ill. by Constance Whittemore. (Children's Classics.) \$1.75.

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## Books for Fireside Adventurers

(Continued from page 54)

travelers in the tropic country. It looks as if there would be another, for the book ends with a trip to Europe on the horizon.

And of course there is to be another of Inez Haynes Irwin's *Maida* stories, and that one will be about an island, the one that is mentioned in the present story, *Maida's Little School* (Viking). I say "of course," for a group of young people as alive and interesting as Maida and her friends, the "Big Eight," would never be permitted by young readers to stay between the covers of a single book. The first book was *Maida's Little Shop*. This time the crowd is asked what sort of school each one would like, and each one tells what a real school should have—it must be outdoors, there must be plenty of maps, a moving picture machine, and so on. The amusing feature is that when the children are provided with these and a number of other educational advantages they do not know that they are at school at all and go on learning away like everything, waiting for the expected lessons to begin.

The third island is also in the West Indies, in *Gay's Year on Sunset Island*, by Marguerite Aspinwall (Putnam). It is "not far from Martinique," and the fifteen-year-old girl who tells the story so pleasantly goes there with her family on the ship of her sailor uncle so that one of them may recover his health. It has not been inhabited for some time and the jungle has grown over the clearings: long before this, pirates used it as a hiding-place, and a search for treasure puts a new aspect on life.

*Snake Gold*, by Hervey White (Macmillan), is not on an island, but is a treasure hidden in the mountains of Mexico, searched for through a mysterious Aztec amulet. A boy tells the story, and in noble English too; he is remembering what happened twenty years before when he was really a boy. This gold is dangerous stuff: so much hate, so many evil passions seem buried with it that you may not be surprised when you learn how they divide it at last. There are spirited drawings in illustration; altogether it is an unusual book.

*Daniel Du Luth; or Adventuring on the Great Lakes*, by Everett McNeil (Dutton), is the story of the woodsman called the *Robin Hood of Canada*, for whom Duluth, Minnesota, was named: that is, it is an adventure in which this romantic person takes a large part. The boy who tells the story is sent by his father, on his seventeenth birthday, to search for his sister carried off by Indian raiders who had killed his mother. Now a trained *courreur du bois*, he goes to join Du Luth, hero of all the boys in Montreal, and before he brings back Carmela—who had been taken into an Indian tribe and who afterwards marries a nobleman of the court of Louis XIV—wild feats of daring have been performed.

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## Romance on the Broad Highway

(Continued from page 17)

wrote the *Canterbury Tales* and here they are today just as juicy as ever. The *Tales* are charming in the library, but you'll never know how lovely they can be until you read them along the Pilgrim's Way. My daughter bought a copy in pocket edition, and wherever we rested we read. Sometimes it would be under a yew tree that may have been a sapling when Chaucer rode by, sometimes finishing luncheon in an oak-panelled inn-parlor; once I remember it began to rain so hard that we curled up under a bridge, and took out the Pilgrims.

I could tell you much more about our walks over book-country in England and in France, but this is enough to give you an idea that can be put into practice in America. New England is full of places about which books have been written, or places where the scenes of books are laid. There's the *House With Seven Gables* and Longfellow's house and, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the house made famous by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *The Story of a Bad Boy*. *The Wood Carver of Lympus* lived five miles from my home in Vermont. The Hudson Valley abounds with legend and literature; Joyce Kilmer scattered poems all over New Jersey; Pennsylvania comes out strong in history exciting as romance. As for Virginia, I need only name to you Jamestown and Williamstown; the South is book-country till you reach Louisiana and the tales of George W. Cable and Lafcadio Hearn. See if there is not some such point in your neighborhood and try walking there; take the book along and see how it thrills you to read it on the spot.

## Girls Our Own Age

Two of the most beautiful things in our magazine this month are the work of girls about the age of most of us. They are the decorations by Pamela Bianco and the charming poem *Books* by Hilda Conkling.

Miss Bianco was only sixteen when she made her lovely lithograph of the books and flowers. "I was born in England," she said in reply to our question, "and spent a greater part of my childhood in France and Italy. I have painted ever since I can remember. It was when I was twelve, while living at San Remo, I made most of the drawings which were shown at my first exhibition in London that same year. In 1920 I came to America—and I liked it so much I have stayed here ever since. I am very fond of animals, books, and china birds, and I love to dance."

Hilda Conkling began to compose little songs when she was four years old, and her first poems were published in *Poetry*, when she was only eight years old. She would run in from her play to say, "Mother I have made a song for you," and her mother, who is also a poet, would write the poems down.

*Poems by a Little Girl* was her first book, and later came *Shoes of the Wind*.

"Well, I might as well admit..." — a new series starting next month

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#### THE DIVING AND SWIMMING BOOK



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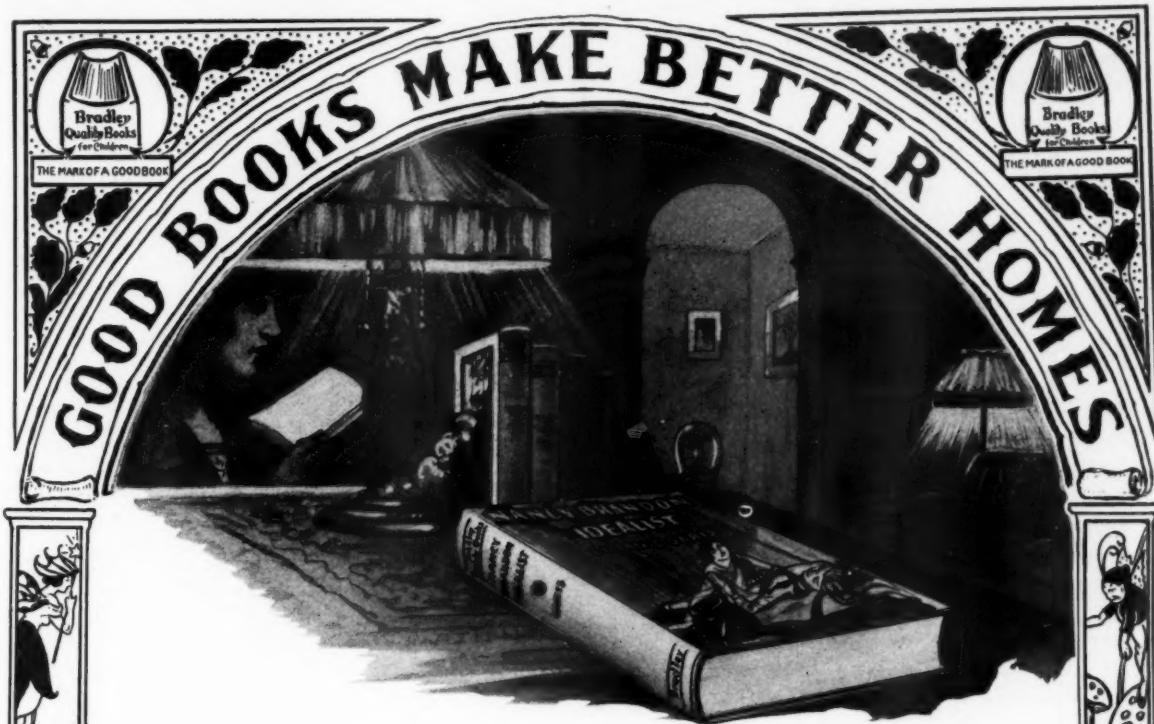
### DANCES of our PIONEERS

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## Delicious Candies for Your Skill

(Continued from page 30)

be cooled in the saucepan before the beating is started. This is really the chief trick of making creamy fudge—to let the syrup cool. Too often we are so anxious to get the candy done—and tasted!—that we start to beat it before it is cool. And then the fudge is granular and sandy and not creamy and velvety as it should be. Again, if you use corn syrup in place of part of the sugar, or add about  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, that will also help increase the smoothness. The addition of marshmallows, beaten in just at the last, will also give a creamier consistency. Fudges should be poured into an oblong or square pan  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick, and cut into inch-wide squares. Fudge made with brown sugar is called Penuche, and Divinity Fudge is made by pouring the boiling syrup (boiled to  $238^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ) upon stiffly beaten egg whites.

Some interesting fudge variations are:

Chocolate Fudge flavored with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon; made with sour cream; melted and poured over white grapes; with nutmeats, seedless raisins and glace cherries added; flavored with strong coffee; with shredded cocoanut; with pitted chopped dates.

Penuche with pecan nutmeats; with raisins, figs, or cocoanut; with peanuts; half chocolate fudge and half penuche on top of each other, the piece cut through in layers or fancy oblongs.

Deana Silverman's fudge recipe is this:

#### Cocoanut Marshmallow Fudge

2 cups granulated sugar  
 1 cup rich milk or cream  
 1 teaspoon vanilla  
 1 cup shredded cocoanut  
 6 marshmallows  
 1 egg white

Place sugar and milk in saucepan and boil to the hard ball stage. Remove from fire, and add vanilla and grated cocoanut. Cut marshmallows in quarters, add, and let mixture stand until marshmallows are soft. Whip egg white very stiff. Pour mixture over egg white and beat up until light and creamy. Pour into buttered pan and when cool, mark into inch squares.

So much for Fudge! I think that every one loves Butterscotch and Peanut and other Brittles. And if they are made of the best materials, they are just as attractive for gifts or for sale, as the richer candies. All brittles are cooked from  $290^{\circ}\text{F.}$  to as high as  $330^{\circ}\text{F.}$ , which makes them very thin and "brittle" when finished. These are called the "hard crack" candies. Always mix the ingredients well and boil without stirring. Try candy in cold water until it "cracks." Add flavoring last. The use of corn syrup here and in any candy will give a more flexible texture. Always mark in squares while still warm, chill, reverse the mass, and break carefully along the lines of marking. Or drop the butterscotch mixtures in the shape of patties the size of a quarter. The best variations of butterscotch are: Butterscotch Marshmallows (Marsh-

mallows dipped in butterscotch while it is still soft) Butter Wafers (Dropped from tip of spoon onto oiled tin, in circles as preferred size) Nut Nougat (Cut in pieces 1 inch long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide).

And now for the good old-fashioned pulling candies! What fun you can have some afternoon or evening with a real genuine taffy pull! Shall I tell you what some of my girls did one Hallowe'en? They planned a little party and taffy pull and brought their friends in to the kitchen. Then they carried the Victrola out to the kitchen table. Then, after giving each person a chunk to pull, they put on a slow waltz record and made everyone pull their taffy in time to that music. Next they put on a snappy march and made everyone keep time and pull to that. And last, when the candy was beginning to get stiff, they put on the fastest jazz you ever heard, and oh my, how their hands and arms flew back and forth and what laughter they had "pulling candy to music!" Just try this for fun sometime and see how jolly it is.

All pulling candies should be well stirred at the start. Then they should be boiled without stirring until near the end when they may have to be stirred again, especially if they contain molasses. Cream of tartar keeps this candy easier to pull, and the longer and faster they are pulled the lighter they become. When the candy is stretched in a thick rope, quickly cut it with a greased pair of scissors into small "pillows," "kisses," etc., or twist it into candy canes. Wrap the pieces in waxed paper and keep where it is cool, as all taffy melts easily. The high flavors like wintergreen, peppermint, and oil of cloves go well with these pulling candies and should be bought in small quantities at the drug store for flavoring.

The girl who knows fondant and is skilled in its use, has practically a candy kitchen at her spoon's tip. The simple uncooked fondant can be made by very young girls, of seven and eight. This uncooked fondant can be colored and shaped into balls and squares and used as the center of chocolates and other coatings. It is really very nice when used with chopped fruits and nuts in the holiday favor basket or box. I want to give you this very simple recipe:

#### Uncooked Fondant

1 egg white  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon cold water  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla  
 2 cups confectioner's sugar  
 (perhaps more)  
 (Other flavoring and coloring as preferred.)

Put egg white, water and flavoring in a bowl and beat until well mixed. Sift the sugar twice in separate bowl. Now add 1 spoon of sugar at a time, stirring well each time. Continue adding spoonfuls until the mixture is very stiff. Then remove to table or board and knead like a little roll of bread. Shape, color and use in many variations.

Real, or cooked fondant is made of sugar cooked with other liquids to

You asked for boarding-school stories in the "What-I-Wish Contest"—

238°F. It is a "soft ball" candy when tested in a spoon of cold water. At just this point the saucepan should be removed from the fire. Another test for fondant is the "spin" or "thread." Dip spoon into cooked syrup and lift about 12 inches above saucepan. If the syrup "threads" as the spoon is lifted, it is in the right condition. After cooking, the syrup should be poured on a moist, smooth surface and should stand until it feels cool when tested with the back of the hand. It must then be worked back and forward in a sweeping motion. When the mixture is solid, it can be kneaded just like bread until it is soft and creamy. It may then be put away in a tightly covered jar and kept in a cool place until it is desired to finish it in fancy form. Here are some suggestions for using either fondant:

*Pink Fondant Patties* flavored with wintergreen.

*Red Fondant Patties or Drops* flavored with clove.

*White Fondant* colored and flavored with coffee.

*Yellow Fondant* flavored with lemon, and colored pale yellow.

*Peppermints* of white fondant, mint flavoring.

*Chocolate Peppermints*—use white fondant flavored with mint under chocolate coating.

*Opera Bon Bons*—tint white fondant delicate pale colors and insert nutmeats, candied cherries, etc., on top of each.

*Ginger Creams* made with white fondant and pieces of preserved ginger.

*Pineapple Creams*, white fondant around piece of candied or preserved pineapple.

But I want you to see some of the splendid recipes which were submitted by

Girl Scouts in the Candy Contest. I just ached to try every one, and indeed we almost had a candy kitchen while we were testing them. Here are three:

### Pop Corn Balls

2 cts. pop-corn      2 cups brown sugar  
2 tablespoons butter      ½ cup water

Melt butter. Add sugar and water. Boil 15 minutes. Pour over popcorn, stirring until every kernel is coated. Form into balls.

NATALIE WEED  
Troop 20 B, Washington, D. C.

### Date Raisin Fudge

3 cups sugar      ½ cup raisins  
1½ cups milk      ½ cup chopped dates  
1 tablespoon butter

Boil together sugar and milk to soft ball stage. Add raisins, dates and vanilla. Cook to firm ball stage. Add butter. Beat until creamy. Pour on buttered platter. When cool cut in squares.

FLORA BELLE FAULK  
Troop 1, Crowley, Louisiana

### Creamy Divinity Fudge

2 cups granulated sugar      ½ cup cold water  
2 egg whites      4 tablespoons Karo (white)  
½ cup nutmeats      1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil together sugar, syrup and water. Do not mix. Cook to hard ball stage. Pour slowly on stiffly beaten egg whites in a mixing bowl, beating rapidly. When creamy and thick pour in nuts and vanilla. Beat again until it falls in lumps from spoon.

SADIE WALLACE  
Troop 1, Portland, Oregon

## Your Mirror and You

(Continued from page 35)

you can keep it bright and glossy by the right food plus a little brushing. A hair specialist told me, the other day, that the hair immediately shows it when we are eating the wrong kind of food or are ill in any way.

To tell the truth, Eloise and her friends have been a little bored with foods before the idea of the good looks recipe occurred to them. Oh, it was fun to go into the kitchen and try out a new cake or get Sunday supper with Blushing Bunny as the chief dish. And they all knew only too well what they liked to eat and what they emphatically refused, when offered. But proteins and fats and all that—what a bore! And they all admitted that choosing lunch in the school cafeteria was just a matter of looking down the list and picking out almost anything.

Now, with their new idea, that menu was suddenly full of possibilities. Every dish on it was an ingredient in good looks. "What will this do?" "What will that do?" And nothing for it but one of the girls must rush out to the cafeteria to copy down the menus they would be choosing from in a few minutes. It was positively exciting!

Just as the ingredients in a cook book

are carefully given, so the ingredients for a healthy and good-looking body have been worked out by experts. And any girl may find out what those ingredients are. The right idea to be followed in choosing foods for a meal, it seems, is balance. There are certain foods, like lean meats, eggs, and cheese that contain a large proportion of protein or body-building material. Then there are fatty foods like butter, bacon and cream that keep you warm and give you energy. And whoever saw a really good looking person who merely lolled around! There are starchy foods like bread, rice, and potatoes—which are first cousins to fatty foods when it comes to giving you energy. And there are sugary foods like dates and raisins and honey that are also in this same energy and heat class.

You can see how the recipe is working out. Take proteins for making the materials of your body. Take fats and starches and sugars for your heat and energy. But that isn't quite enough. You must add something—that "pinch of!" There are foods like green vegetables and milk and fruits which have, besides their own starches and proteins, an extra large sprinkling of vitamines. The ex-

(Concluded on page 69)

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## Captain Don Plays a New Game

(Continued from page 53)

and a wobbly head, and as we danced past he made remarks about us! He was more interested in our way of doing it than Ellen was. From the minute of his appearance he kept Ellen giggling. And everybody else, too. Even the boys relented. It was like a vaudeville.

Part of the time Billy sat on Ellen's knee and part of the time in the chair beside her. But all of the time she and he kept up a continual chatter and merriment. But although Ellen had made Billy out of her lace handkerchief before our eyes, he was in reality an old friend. Doris and I knew all about him. For a year, as Ellen had expressed it, he had been "better than a brother" to her. When she had been too utterly lonely ("All only children are dreadfully lonely sometimes," she had explained to us) she had simply taken out her handkerchief and made Billy for herself. "Two can laugh and make fun better than one," she says. And those two certainly can.

And I do honestly believe that after they got to going they were enough for each other. Ellen and her doll. It was plain as day to me, as I danced. She had never had playmates or friends in the way we all are used to them. For years she was the only child in her father's mining village, and when she got older she had lived in an apartment in New York, where nobody knows anybody, it seems. So, although she was disappointed to find herself outside the party that night at our dance, she didn't feel really strange in the situation.

As long as the seniors thought that Ellen was trying to be entertaining they watched her a lot, and danced so near that she had to pull her satin-shod feet under her chair to keep them from being trod on; but when they began to realize, as I had realized from the first, that Ellen wasn't doing a stunt, that she was merely playing with her doll to pass away the time until her father came for her, they lost interest. Ralph exclaimed, "What a kid that new girl is after all!"

Every one but Don Riggs! Apparently he likes "kids" and is attracted to them, in spite of always having had to help in the care of so many of them at home. At ten o'clock, or thereabouts, he appeared in the door of the hall, sent by his mother to fetch Anna away from the dance. She's awfully young for our dances, in spite of being a senior.

But Don didn't take his sister home, not until the party was entirely over. And I wonder what his mother said to him then?

For this is what happened. Anna had gone to get her coat and Don stood just outside in the passage looking at Ellen Knight and her doll. He wore the same expression I have seen on his face when he has his flirver full of little red-headed sisters and brothers. Then Anna was ready, and Max and I stopped, instead of dancing on past the doorway, to say "good night" to her. But it wasn't to be good night after all.

For Don said, "Anna's just told me the story about the new girl. She got it all

straight from you, Maxwell Bowker. So, if you will allow me to accept your invitation at this late date, Helen, I'm going to come to the dance after all. The new girl is a little sport, and I want to meet her doll!"

Don Riggs looked queerly pale to me as he said this, and his freckles stood out unusually. His eyes, which had always been sort of sky blue before whenever I noticed them, were black as he spoke, inky! *I had a feeling that he was good and mad.*

So, in spite of the determined efforts of all the boys whom Ellen had offended, after all, with her usual luck, her first formal dance turned into a great success. Why, there wasn't one of us girls who wouldn't have been a wall-flower gaily during half an evening, if for the other half of it Don Riggs might be dancing attendance on us.

But who would have dreamed he was such an adept at dancing attendance on a girl, or that he knew so well how to play dolls—our football captain! He and Ellen walked Billy, dangling in the air between them, over to the punch bowl, where they served him a drink before themselves. Then he accompanied them out into the passage, where he rode in Don's vest pocket while Ellen taught Don how to dance, or made a good beginning at least. And when Ellen's father finally came for her, just a little before the orchestra began "Home, Sweet Home," Don and his sister Anna said "good night" to Doris and me and went along with them; and the last we saw of Billy, he was still riding in Don's vest pocket, his funny little wobbly head bent down as though he had gone to sleep at the party!

But, my dears, it doesn't end here. The entire Riggs family has adopted Ellen, but not one of them seems more devoted to her than Don himself. And certainly she is the last girl in the world you would imagine gaining that distinction. For, after all, he is a brainy person, really, and frightfully clever, while she, although, of course, she's a dear, has hardly an idea in her head beyond the birds in the woods, and how "jolly" things are.

But if you don't believe it, listen. Today I had to go to the Riggs' on an errand for mother, a church matter. But there was nobody there except Ellen, and she was very much at home. She was out in the sand pile at the back, making mud pies with the Riggs' baby. "Isn't Mrs. Riggs just too jolly to let me have her all to myself like this?" she cried ecstatically. "I'm going to give her her bath and her supper and put her to bed 'n everything. Nobody's home!"

"Where's Don?" I asked. For truly I couldn't imagine what was so jolly about Ellen's situation at that minute unless the football captain was mixed up in it.

"He's gone with his family to the Three County Fair. That's why they gave the baby to me, so they could! And tomorrow afternoon Mrs. Riggs is going to stay at home with her preciousness and let me go with the family. Isn't that jolly?"

*Would you like to earn money for Christmas?*

"My sakes alive!" I protested. (Who wouldn't?) "Why don't you get your chauffeur to drive you and Don to the Three County Fair in peace and quiet in your own car?"

Her face turned pathetic at the idea. She was almost accusing. "Oh, how can you say that?" she cried. "Don't you understand? We're going to squeeze into the Ford, the whole family of us, *tight*. It's wonderful the way they manage it! Could anything be more jolly than that? A whole family of us! Oh, I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow!"

She got up out of the sand pile and looked all around at the sky as though already she might see tomorrow's weather there.

I sank to sarcasm. "It won't rain, my dear, not if *you* don't want it to," I murmured. "Aren't you always lucky?"

"I guess you're right," she agreed, the sarcasm having gone over her bright head without touching a curl. "I 'most always am." And instead of starting to skip around the sand pile—for she was wearing that tantalizing skipping expression of hers—she bent and gathered the very mud piey Riggs' baby into a great hug.

Then, that minute, there dawned on me a real idea. Don't you think it is a real one? It is this: I had a perfect right when I was younger to resent Alice's lack of amazement at having got through the looking glass into a magical land. But, after all, Ellen Knight is an Alice turned around. She has come *from* the looking glass land (or so it seems to me) into our commonplace, everyday Peterville, and right into the heart of the big, ordinary family of Riggeses. Have I a right to laugh at her for skipping her heels off and shouting that it's "jolly, jolly, jolly" after all her lonesomeness? No, I haven't. And I won't any more. And I shan't grudge her her Don. Not any more, ever. She's a dear. . . ."

## What the Girl Scouts Are Doing

(Concluded from page 37)

### Connecticut, Girl Scouts

"Prepared" for Florida sufferers

And generous and prompt they were as well, we might add, when we read this letter, which Mrs. Brady lets us see.

Mrs. NICHOLAS F. BRADY.

National Treasurer Girl Scouts, Inc.,  
Dear Madam:

Realizing the terrible need of the suffering storm survivors in Florida, I, on behalf of Mt. Laurel Troop Girl Scouts No. 1, Niantic, Conn., sent a check for \$5.00 to the National Treasurer, The American Red Cross Society, Washington, D. C., on the 20th of September. Girl Scouts are always "prepared."

Yours for Scouting,

Mrs. LOUISE M. STEVENS,  
Captain Mt. Laurel Girl Scouts Troop No. 1,  
Niantic, Conn.

At Maplewood, New Jersey,  
Mothers' Association collects subscriptions

The Mothers' Association of Maplewood, New Jersey, meeting one after-



THEY helped win the recent School Health Contest conducted by the Borden Company. Their record brought credit to themselves, their school and their organization. This fine health was the direct result of the Health Rules they followed—plenty of sleep, fresh air, outdoor exercise, lots of water to drink, the proper diet, including a generous amount of good milk.

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noon, decided they would like to give one of the troops a troop flag. The Local Director suggested that instead they get subscriptions for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and earn the troop flag—which they did, and had enough subscriptions for the flag before they left the room!

### Girl Scouts of South Carolina, Win girls' own convention for next year

When eighty-five Girl Scouts of Charleston poured into four buses and drove over to their neighbor city, Savannah, for the Girl Scout Convention for Girls last spring, they enjoyed an outstanding event in not only their own but the national Girl Scout year. The greatest thrill of all came to them, they

say, when, after extending an invitation to hold the convention in Charleston next year, their hospitality was accepted with warm enthusiasm.

### A Cruel Disappointment!

Through a trickle of tears came the sad story. Though Gladima Scout and Wantsta-Be have just completed a splendid tour of the whole United States, they were, after all, unable to reach two states. Not a single Girl Scout nor a Captain nor a Commissioner from those two states sent in troop news to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Isn't it pathetic? But you can do one thing to dry these tears. Send in news at once for the new tour these girls will make in 1927!

*Read about Betty Brooks on page 67 and ask her how*

# HAVE A CANDY BENEFIT SALE To Make Money for Your Troop

SELL THE FAMOUS PETER'S NESTLE'S BABY RUTH and OH HENRY  
5c CANDY BARS



Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars filled with big toasted almonds. They are delicious.



Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars filled with big toasted almonds. Made for those who like milky chocolate.



Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars are made with full cream milk. Many people prefer milky chocolate and Nestle's has won the favor of these people from the start.



Repetti's Caramels packed in a special transparent paper.



Mason Mints are made with an icy cream center covered with chocolate. There is no mint to equal it on the market.

A 50 Box Order Will Net You \$20.00 For Your Troop Fund

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Everybody buys candy. Friends and acquaintances of your Girl Scouts would rather buy from them than from a store, for their candy will be fresh from the factory. Your members can get this trade merely by asking for it—and in this way you can build up a business that will bring in considerable money for your troop.

The many advantages we offer should particularly appeal to all troops who want to make money for their cause. First—selling candy by the Girl Scouts is dignified. Second—our candy bars are well known for quality and goodness. Third—we guarantee all candy shipped, and fourth—the profit is large.

The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.

### THREE ASSORTMENTS TO CHOOSE FROM

|                                   | No. 1<br>50 boxes | No. 2<br>25 boxes | No. 3—12 boxes<br>Trial Order |
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| Selling price (\$1.20 per box).   | \$60.00           | \$30.00           | \$14.40                       |
| Cost to you (Ex. Pd.) 80c per box | 40.00             | 20.00             | 10.00                         |
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The 5c sellers are packed 24 in a box. The 10c sellers are packed 12 in a box. The 1c sellers 120 in a box.

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Gentlemen:

Please send to us, express paid, the assortment that we have marked below. We agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival. We understand that candy can be returned at your expense if not satisfactory.

**Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.**

Peaks—Fresh Cocoanut covered with Bitter Sweet Chocolate.  
Mason Mints—Peppermint Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate.  
Nut Malobar—Marshmallow Center covered with Chocolate and Nuts.

Almond Nougat—Almond Nougat covered with Milk Chocolate.  
Golden Fleece—Caramel, Fresh Cocoanut covered with Milk Chocolate.

Toros—Caramel Fudge, Toasted Peanut covered with Milk Chocolate.

Coral Gable—Fresh Cocoanut covered with Milk Chocolate.  
Cocoanut Cream Bar—covered with Chocolate.

Assorted Cream Patties—assorted flavors, Chocolate covered.  
Bylund Bros. Peanut Bar—Roasted Peanuts and Butterscotch.

Bylund Bros. Butterscotch Peanut Bar—Peanut Butter and Butterscotch.

Bylund Bros. Cocoanut Raisin Bar—covered with Milk Chocolate.

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Address ..... City.....

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City..... State.....

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From here we will send your order to Chicago by Air Mail, assuring shipment within three days after you send in your order.

Those who have never used our plan should start at once. You need not hesitate, because hundreds of troops have proved that our plan is the best to raise funds.

*When writing to our advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"*

## When Mrs. Coolidge Was a Girl

(Concluded from page 51)

the Congregational Church, where her spirit has ever abided with unwavering faith. It is reassuring to listen today to that fresh, full-throated, true voice rising with the other voices of the congregation in the church in Washington in those very same hymns that she sang so happily in her 'teens in Vermont! It is a lovely voice now, taking its part wherever it may find itself, correctly and unconsciously and as spontaneously participating in the emotion of the occasion as it did when joining in the Mother Goose rhymes and lullabies with mother, or in the school or church, or picnic songs on Lake Champlain.

Through it all, the play, the work, the winters and the summers of the growing years with their ever-changing and engrossing activities, it was without doubt the people about her and their personal problems that attracted her most. She had, when little, that insatiable curiosity about the people she knew, about the personalities of the dolls, the living things about her, the animals and flying things—which later grew into the friendly interest in the girls and boys in school; and which later still make life a thing of such zest, such concentration, such fascination to her. Always people and things were absorbing. Mother made them so when she was a little girl.

A lady recently said to her, "Oh, my dear, aren't you tired? You have had to see so many people today!" She could answer most cheerily, "Why, no indeed, not at all. They were all so interesting. I think people always are interesting, and therefore, they never tire me."

When she was busy as a tiny tot with her real household tasks of the day, and also the pretend ones, helping her mother, her mind was often full of the romance of what she was doing and also of what she would do when she was grown up, and of this and that and the other thing that she was going to do in her own house. And so in her very own house with her own babies in Northampton, and later as the wife of the Governor of Massachusetts, and now in the beautiful White House down in Washington, she has always found abiding interest and a chance of beautiful accomplishment in planning and doing things necessary for the happy running of the household. And always she has done that so cheerily that it was quickly out of the way, with plenty of energy and time left for her to take part in the many outside interests where she has always been so loved for that same vivacity and sparkling understanding that characterized her as a little girl. Whether she sits and knits, chatting with a friend or two in her lovely upstairs sitting-room with the view where the glorious Washington Monument pierces the blue sky and the green shores of Virginia rise beyond the Potomac, or whether she stands in a gown of state of white-and-gold brocade, about to receive some royal visitor, the present mistress of the White House is always a real person—

just as real, just as sincere, just as easily understandable as was tiny Grace Goodhue in Vermont, or older Grace Goodhue of the Burlington High School. She is just as beloved by the dozens who know her well and the thousands who circle about her today as she was in the little family and the group of intimate friends in those days when she was the center of loving care in the New England home, or in later school years, when, if it had been a dozen years after, she would undoubtedly have been an enthusiastic Girl Scout, which all her characteristics would have made her.

### An Interesting Postscript to this Story

How THE AMERICAN GIRL was so fortunate as to have this story is in itself an interesting story.

It happened one evening, not so long ago, in the White House. Mrs. Coolidge, her old friend, Mrs. John Sargent of Vermont, and Mrs. Herbert Hoover were having a long talk together. Quite naturally their conversation turned to their many reminiscences of their childhood and girlhood days. Many gay stories were exchanged and many times each exclaimed, "Oh, did you do this?" Or, "Oh, do you remember that?"

These stories were still fresh in Mrs. Hoover's mind when Helen Ferris met her at the National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts and said, "Mrs. Hoover, will you do a great favor for THE AMERICAN GIRL?"

Now, Mrs. Hoover is not only an enthusiastic Girl Scout—she is also a true friend of our magazine, so she promptly replied, "Certainly, if I can. What is it?"

"This," explained Helen Ferris. "You know we have been publishing a series of true stories about girls who became Presidents' wives. And we have been having another series about the girlhood days of our Girl Scout Leaders. And Mrs. Coolidge's story would fit in with both! Won't you ask Mrs. Coolidge to write us the story of her girlhood days?"

Mrs. Hoover smiled. "She is pretty busy, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Helen Ferris. "But I will ask her."

And she did, the next time she went to the White House. Mrs. Coolidge was most gracious in explaining that she simply could not take the time to do the writing, though she was willing to tell the story, for she, too, is greatly interested in the Girl Scouts.

Then it was that Mrs. Herbert Hoover did still another good turn for all the girls who read the magazine. Jestingly she said that she believed she could write the story herself, from the memories of that evening's chat. Mrs. Coolidge laughingly dared Mrs. Hoover to do it. Which she did, with the additional recollections of other old Vermont friends of our President's wife.

To Mrs. Coolidge in the White House and to Mrs. Hoover in Washington, we send our deepest thanks for this story.

*The winners of the "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine" Contest in December*



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### Who Is Betty Brooks?

Betty Brooks is a new arrival with THE AMERICAN GIRL. She has a very important position and you will hear a great deal more about her. For she is the brand-new Secretary of the Earn-Your-Own Club.

Yes, the Club has grown so and become so large that it now has a Secretary of its own, who will write to all the members and who will answer any questions that you wish to ask her about the Club and THE AMERICAN GIRL.

You have probably heard about the Earn-Your-Own Club long before this—but if you wish to know more about it and how ever so many girls are earning pin money for themselves, write to

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The Earn-Your-Own Club

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**You Will Need Money  
At Christmas Time**



Mary Pue of Troop Four, Scranton, Penn.

**Let Mary Pue tell you how**

DEAR EDITOR:

The way in which I started getting *AMERICAN GIRL* subscriptions was this. I am a patrol leader and so I interested all the girls in my patrol in the magazine. They were each given an old copy to read and see if they liked it. Just at this time I read about the Earn-Your-Own Club and I decided that it would be a good way to earn money.

After the girls read a copy of the magazine, I had no trouble getting the subscriptions. One girl in the troop sent the magazine as Christmas presents to Georgia and Virginia. I asked the girl next door who is a Girl Scout—but her mother said, "She's taken so many magazines she does not like, that I don't believe she'd better try this one." I was sure she would like *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so I gave her some back copies to read. She had time to read only one story when she came over with the \$2.00 for a two-year subscription.

I hope many girls join the Earn-Your-Own Club. It's lots of fun to do it. And then you like the money that you earn on every subscription, too.

Yours truly,

MARY PUE.

Join the Earn-Your-Own Club now. Send this coupon or drop a postal.

Dear Betty Brooks, Secretary of the Earn-Your-Own Club,  
THE AMERICAN GIRL,  
670 Lexington Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.  
Please tell me about your Club and how I may become a member.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## Heart's Desire

(Concluded from page 40)

she was made of stone, a figure on a monument. She wore a crown of stone. But as the girl's vision cleared, she saw that the crown was white hair of such smoothness that it looked like a tight-fitting cap. And the stony nose, severe and sharply carved, was lifting a little. The straight lips below it were parting into what, if it were a smile, was only a stony smile at best.

Aileen did not wait for Miss Pepper to finish the introduction she had begun. She ran to the stiff figure in the chair and threw her arms about the unbending neck. "Dear Aunt Marcia, I am so glad to see you. I am Aileen. You look exactly as I knew you would, as Mamma has described you to me hundreds of times. Mamma sent her dearest love. She said I should be a very happy girl to be here, and I am."

"This is Cynthia, Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish," broke in Miss Pepper, from a respectful distance.

In a moment it would be Harriet's turn. She couldn't tell this stony woman as had Aileen that she was happy to be here. She wouldn't kiss her. A bitter, crushing disappointment was sweeping over her.

Miss Pepper leaned over to whisper in Harriet's ear, "She isn't nearly as cross as she looks, Harriet. I'll tell you a state secret. She's more frightened than you are."

But even this amazing fact did not reassure Harriet. "And this is Harriet, who has come all the way from California," Miss Pepper was beginning. Harriet moved forward, uncertainly.

She was conscious of mumbling stupidly, "How do you do?" of Aileen's laughing eyes, of Miss Pepper behind her saying, "This is Dan's girl, you know," as though she had to remind the stony personage in the throne-like chair. But at the mention of her father's name, a clearness broke through Harriet's confusion. She would not be afraid of this Aunt Marcia—who was flesh and blood, who was father's half-sister, even if she did choose to sit in state like a queen, holding a little court. The sham of it roused a quick anger in Harriet's honest young soul.

"You are Dan's girl?" Aunt Marcia repeated it as though she had lost a line in a play and Miss Pepper had reminded her. Harriet drew back quietly. "I'll never, never, love her," she thought.

Then for ten awful moments they grouped themselves about this Aunt Marcia of reality. Miss Pepper did most of the talking, Miss Pepper and Aileen. Cynthia sat with flushed cheeks, Harriet stood, quiet, still held in bitter disappointment until they were dismissed.

But in the hall outside Harriet stopped suddenly. Miss Pepper had stayed with Aunt Marcia. She could hear them talking in low tones.

And—"You must watch yourself when you are with them," Miss Pepper was saying, clearly, dramatically. "The secret lies in your hands."

Harriet remained dead in her tracks. The secret! In that moment, it seemed she had known from the first that there must be a secret—the queer stillnesses of the house, the locked pianos, all said there was.

"Harriet—!" It was Aileen, down the hall, beckoning excitedly. "Hurry up—I want to tell you something."

Harriet followed Aileen down the hall and into her room. Aileen's eyes were flashing with excitement.

"Shut the door," she commanded. "Now! What have you ever heard about Aunt Marcia?"

For the moment, Aileen's intensity swept away Harriet's bewilderment over Miss Pepper's and Aunt Marcia's daughter and she obeyed the almost imperious command of the pretty girl before her, telling her all she knew.

"And you never heard of the crown jewels?" asked Aileen.

Aileen leaned close, whispering. "Well, I have," she said. "Maggie Taylor told mother and me. She's a forty-second cousin of ours in Cleveland, but she used to live in Wiltshire. And that's where she heard it. It seems a prince was in love with Aunt Marcia when she was in France and folks were crazy about her singing. He gave her some crown jewels and everybody in Europe was talking about it when she up and disappeared. No one knows what became of the prince. But Maggie said she wouldn't be a bit surprised if one of those wars they've had in the Balkans had been over Aunt Marcia."

Harriet gasped. A prince in love with the stony-faced woman?

"I mean to find out about it or bust," declared Aileen inelegantly. "And I'm going to find out through that Bettine."

Instinctively, Harriet shrank from the idea of prying through Bettine. "Maybe Aunt Marcia will tell us herself after we know her better," she protested.

"Know her better!" Aileen laughed scornfully. "When do you think that will ever be, silly?"

"Maybe Miss Pepper will tell us sometime. She's been with Aunt Marcia for years and years," Harriet amended.

"Well, so has Bettine. I'd rather make Bettine talk than Miss Importance. I'll ask her to brush my hair for me. Then I'll ask her where the jewels are."

Aileen's passionate curiosity swept aside Harriet's instinctive scruples. Impulsively, she now told Aileen of what she had overheard Miss Pepper say—and of the queer laughter.

Aileen wrinkled her pretty nose in satisfaction. "What did I tell you, my dear!" she exclaimed. "There is something about this place and Aunt Marcia that you and I are going to solve."

Harriet leaned nearer. "When you ask Bettine about the jewels, find out why the piano is locked," she whispered.

Just what is the mystery about Aunt Marcia? Who knows the real story of the crown jewels? In the next instalment, Aileen's curiosity gets the better of her and exciting events take place.

*Get acquainted with Betty Brooks of the Earn-Your-Own Club*

## Your Mirror and You

(Continued from page 61)

perts who are studying foods—in order to help us put the right foods together for our good looks—say that some day we shall know far more about vitamins than we do now. But already we know enough to realize that vitamins are absolutely necessary for health and your good looks recipe. Vitamins are one of the reasons for green vegetables being such a help to our bodies in every day's food supply.

All of us know what happens when we leave out an important ingredient in a recipe. Or use salt instead of sugar. We can no more get a good body out of one or two different kinds of food than we can make a good pudding of flour and water alone. The girl who lunches on an ice cream soda and a doughnut is giving her body energy and heat, but very little for the upkeep of dimpled, rosy skin and hard muscle. The girl who has meat and bread and butter and boiled potato and pudding for dinner is giving her body building materials and energy and heat, but very little of the magic seasoning which is necessary for that last lovely touch of good looks. The recipe of a goodlooking girl includes green vegetables, fruit and dairy products to be mixed in the body every day.

Of course, it is impossible to give here all that Eloise and her friends discussed with their physiology teacher that day. In fact, they continued their discussion for a number of days, even reading about foods in books other than their own physiology book. Any girl who is genuinely interested in good looks and in planning a food recipe for herself will find many splendid suggestions in *The Wisdom of Professor Happy, Happy's Vanity Case, and Weight-Height-Age Tables* which may be purchased from The American Guild Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Your own physiology teacher will talk it over with you or your troop captain or your mother. You might even ask your mother to let you plan the meals with her and so work out for the whole family the best possible good looks recipe. When you step on the scales to weigh yourself, you move the heavy weight first, and then manipulate the light weight until the scales balance. In planning a meal, I think it is easy to think of the main dish as the heavy weight. Decide what that is to be and then manipulate the rest. For it is the delicate manipulation of the rest of the ingredients which make the true balance in this recipe for good looks—the green vegetables or salad, the plain milk or custard or ice cream, and the apple sauce or raw fruit.

How can you tell when you have discovered the right recipe for yourself? Look in the mirror. The truth is there. And if you add to your right food recipe, the right amount of rest, thought for your posture and thought for the details of appearance of which Hazel Rawson Cades writes so charmingly in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—well, you know as well as I what your mirror will say! And none of it costs much either.



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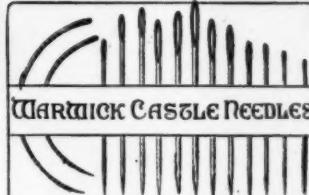
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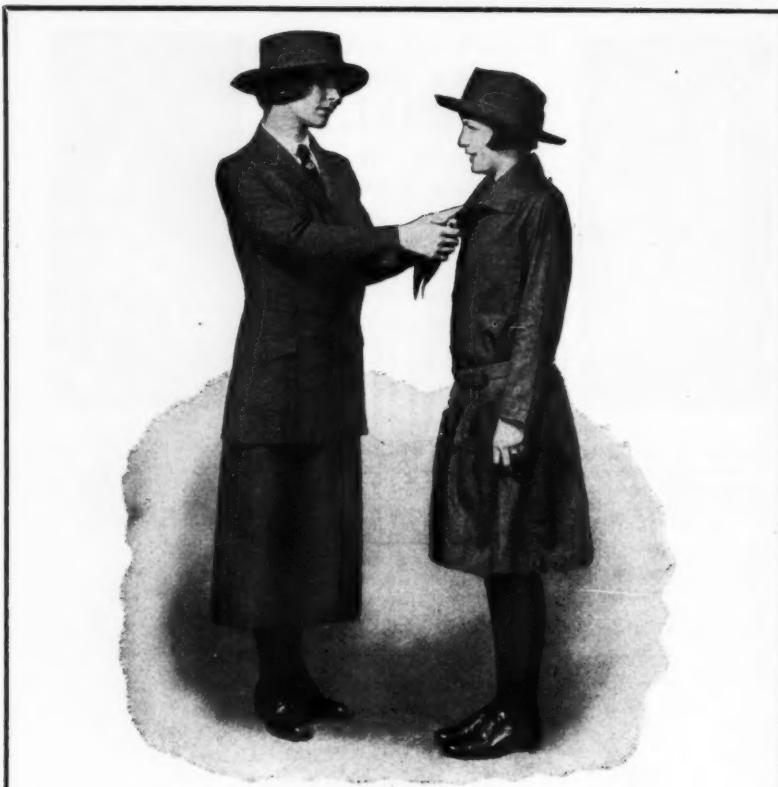
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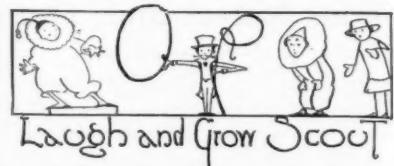
THE AMERICAN GIRL OFFICE,  
so that we can set things right?

## The Blackback Family

(Concluded from page 11)

clattered like the rattles with which Zulu warriors hearten themselves when they charge in battle. Every quill was loosely attached to the porcupine's skin by a thread-like ligament which pulled loose at a touch, leaving the spines to work their festering way deeper and deeper into the flesh of the wretched victims who had been pierced by them.

One by one the dogs turned tail and fled away to safer hunting grounds. Not until the last one had disappeared did Ingu retire from the field of battle with all the honors of war and rattling his stumpy tail to the last waddled back into the burrow to resume his nap.



### The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month Not Qualified

Willie, who was nearly five, and his mother were sitting at home one night. At the table his sister, aged seven, was doing her home work. Suddenly mother looked up and saw Willie watching his sister.

"Well, Willie," she said, "it will not be long before you will have to go to school."

"Oh," said Willie, "it's no use sending me to school!"

"How is that?" asked his mother.

"What's the use of sending me to school?" exclaimed Willie. "I don't know anything and I can't read or write."—Sent by IRENE BROMLEY, Westerly, R. I.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Badge-wards

ASPIRING CHILD NURSE: I just spent a grueling half hour.

GIRL SCOUT CAPTAIN: Doing what?

ASPIRING CHILD NURSE: Feeding the children.

### Grounds for Suspicion

SUSPICIOUS PARENT: John, where have you been?

JOHN: With Tim, here. S. P.: Tim, where have you been?

TIM: With John here, Ma'm.

S. P.: Well, where have both of you been?

JOHN AND TIM: Why, er, we've been together.—Sent by LUCY J. ANDERSON, Paris, Ky.

### Revenge is Sweet

Little Jimmy had had a tooth pulled out that had been aching. After it was out he asked for it.

"What do you want it for?" questioned the dentist.

Said Jimmy, "I'm going to take it home, fill it up with sugar, and watch the darn thing ache."—Sent by JEANNE STEELE, Dearborn, Mich.

### Pleasant Sport

ONE: We had lots of fun fencing this afternoon.

THE OTHER: Yes, it must be fun. It is just like vaulting only you jump over a fence, don't you?—Sent by MAURINE MAURER, Madison, Wis.



You asked for humorous covers in the "What-I-Wish Contest"

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## Stamp News in Brief

By OSBORN B. BOND

ONE of our readers has asked me how to detect watermarks in postage stamps. It is usually possible to determine whether a stamp is watermarked or not by holding it against the light or by placing it face downwards on some dark surface. If, by doing this the watermark cannot be distinguished, the stamp should then be placed face downwards on one of the special "watermark detectors" which can be secured for this purpose. A few drops of pure benzine should then be poured over the stamp and the watermark will stand out very clearly. The benzine will not harm the stamp as it evaporates quickly, but you should be very careful in the way you handle it. Do not, at any time, use it anywhere near a naked flame or fire as it is highly inflammable. You should warn your stamp collecting friends about this.

Another question that I am sometimes asked is: "Does perforation make a difference with a stamp?" The answer is that it does, most decidedly. Many albums distinguish merely between perforated and non-perforated (imperforate, as we call them) and roulettes, but there are many different sorts of perforations and roulettes. The word roulette is the one used when we refer to the means of separation between stamps without making actual holes similar to perforation. The roulette usually scores into the paper so easily that the stamps may be separated from each other without any difficulty. These different perforations and roulettes make a great difference to the value of a specialized collection.

The best way to distinguish one perforated stamp from another is by measuring the perforation. The perforation gauge in most common use is printed on a card or some heavier substance (it could be even on paper) and shows you the number of perforation holes in the space of two centimeters.

A sheet of postage stamps in the old days was very different from what one is like today, as, in those days, there was no perforation. If you had bought a sheet of stamps in 1840 you would have had to cut them apart yourself with a pair of scissors. This method was improved upon in 1841 by printing a deep line around the stamps, as it was thought that the deep impression would tend to crease the paper. After being used for a short time it was found to be of very little use.

Then, some years later, an Irishman came forward with an invention for cutting little slits around the stamps. He exhibited this to the English Post Office, but the authorities did not think very much of the idea and they did not buy it. The inventor was not discouraged by this set-back and some time later he produced a machine that would cut little holes. He continued to improve on his invention and eventually the Post Office offered him £600 for it or approximately three thousand dollars. He refused this offer and later received £4,000, or \$20,000 for his work.

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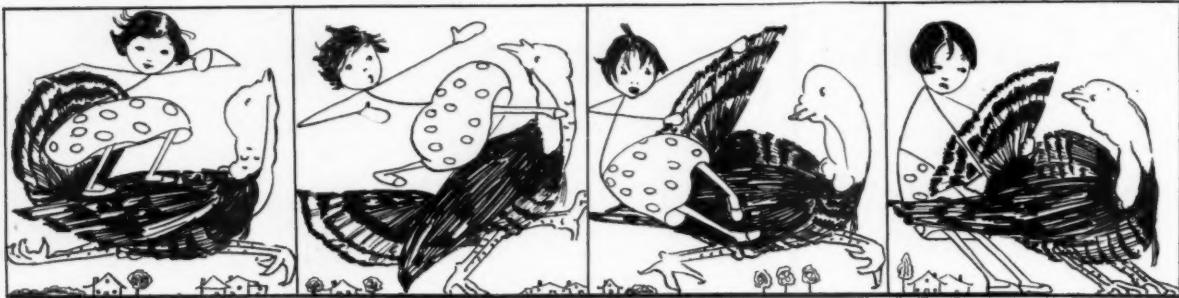
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To approval applicants, 25 different French Cols., 25 different British Cols., 25 different Portuguese Cols., and 25 different Mint Stamps—or five sets free for postage. Variety Packets follow: 100 Australia; 100 U. S. A.; 100 France; 50c; 100 British Cols., 50c; 100 Portuguese Cols., 50c; 300 Austria, \$1.00; 100 Balkan States, 50c; 100 Danzig, \$1.00; 200 Hungary, 60c; 200 Germany, 60c; 15 Mosambique Co., 15c; 100 Poland, 50c; 100 Africa, 50c; 100 Asia, 75c; 500 New Europe, \$1.00; 50 Persia, 60c; 100 Turkey, \$1.00; 50 Russia, 50c; 50 Asia Stamps, \$1.00. Universal Hinges 12c per 1,000 postpaid.

**J. MAXFIELD, BOX 315, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.**

Watch for our Christmas cover—and others in 1927



## Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective November 1, 1926

### Uniforms

|                               | Size    | Price  |
|-------------------------------|---------|--------|
| Long Coat                     | 10-18   | \$3.65 |
|                               | 38-44   | 4.15   |
| Short Coat Suit               | 10-18   | 4.70   |
|                               | 38-44   | 5.20   |
| Skirt                         | 10-44   | 2.10   |
| Bloomers                      | 10-44   | 1.85   |
| Knickers                      | 10-44   | 2.15   |
| Middy—Official khaki          | 10-42   | 1.75   |
| Norfolk Suit—Officer's        |         |        |
| Khaki, light weight           | 32-44   | 8.00   |
| Serge                         | 32-44   | 38.00  |
| Hat, Officer's                | 6 1/4-8 | 4.00   |
| Hat, Girl Scout's             | 6 1/2-8 | 1.60   |
| Web Belt                      | 28-38   | .65    |
|                               | 40-46   | .75    |
| Leather for Officers          | 28-38   | 2.75   |
|                               | 40-42   | 3.00   |
| Neckerchiefs, each            |         | .45    |
| Bandeaux (to match            |         |        |
| neckerchiefs), each           |         | .45    |
| Colors: green, purple, dark   |         |        |
| blue, light blue, brown, car- |         |        |
| dinal, black, and yellow.     |         |        |
| Black Silk                    |         | 2.00   |
| Green Silk                    |         | 2.00   |
| Yellow Slickers               | 10      | 3.75   |
|                               | 12      | 4.00   |
|                               | 14-20   | 5.00   |
| Sweaters—Brown and            |         |        |
| Green Heather                 |         |        |
| Coat Model                    | 32-40   | 8.00   |
| Slipover Model                | 32-40   | 7.00   |

### Badges

|                           |  |        |
|---------------------------|--|--------|
| † Attendance Stars        |  |        |
| Gold                      |  | \$0.20 |
| Silver                    |  | .15    |
| † First Class Badge       |  | .25    |
| † Flower Crests           |  | .15    |
| † Life Saving Crosses     |  |        |
| Silver                    |  | 1.75   |
| Bronze                    |  | 1.50   |
| † Proficiency Badges      |  | .15    |
| † Second Class Badge      |  | .15    |
| † Thanks Badge            |  |        |
| Heavy gold plate with bar |  | 3.00   |
| 10K Gold Pin              |  | 5.00   |
| Gold Plate Pins           |  | .75    |
| Silver Plate              |  | .75    |

### Insignia

|                                 |  |        |
|---------------------------------|--|--------|
| † Armband                       |  | \$0.15 |
| † Corporal's Chevron            |  | .10    |
| † Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron    |  | .20    |
| † Hat Insignia (for Captain's   |  |        |
| hat)                            |  | .50    |
| † Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts |  | .20    |
| † Patrol Leader's Chevron       |  | .15    |

### Pins

|                            | Price |
|----------------------------|-------|
| † Brownie                  | .25   |
| † Committee                | .75   |
| † Community Service        | .35   |
| †*Golden Eagle             | 1.50  |
| † Lapels—G. S.—Bronze      | .50   |
| † Tenderfoot Pins          |       |
| 10K Gold (safety catch)    | 3.00  |
| Gold Filled (safety catch) | .75   |
| New plain type             | .15   |
| Old style plain pin        | .08   |
| Midget gold filled         | .50   |
| Worn by Officers or Girl   |       |
| Scouts when not in uniform |       |
| Senior Girl Scout Pin      | .75   |

### Songs

|                                | Price  |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| America, the Beautiful         | \$0.05 |
| Are You There?                 | .10    |
| Enrollment                     | .10    |
| Everybody Ought to Be a Scout  | .15    |
| First National Training School | .25    |
| Girl Guide                     | .60    |
| Girl Scouts Are True           | .15    |
| Girl Scout Song Book           | .50    |
| Girl Scout Songs               |        |
| Vocal Booklet                  | .10    |
| Piano Edition                  | .30    |
| Girl Scout Song Sheet          | .04    |
| Lots of 10 or more             | .03    |
| Goodnight                      | .15    |
| Hiking On                      | .30    |
| Oh, Beautiful Country          | .05    |
| On the Trail:                  |        |
| Piano Edition                  | .40    |
| Midget Size                    | .05    |
| Lots of 10 or more             | .02    |
| Onward                         | .15    |
| To America                     | .25    |
| Be Prepared—Girl Guide Song    | .35    |

### Flags

|         | American Flags |
|---------|----------------|
| Size    | Material       |
| 2x3 ft. | Wool           |
|         | \$2.80         |
| 3x5 ft. | Wool           |
|         | 3.60           |
| 4x6 ft. | Wool           |
|         | 4.60           |

### † Troop Flags

|               | Size | Material  | Price          | Lettering |
|---------------|------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
| 2 x 3 ft.     | Wool | ...\$2.60 | 10c per letter |           |
| 2 1/2 x 4 ft. | Wool | 4.20      | 15c            | " "       |
| 3 x 5 ft.     | Wool | 5.75      | 20c            | " "       |
| 4 x 6 ft.     | Wool | 8.50      | 20c            | " "       |

### † Troop Pennants

Price

Lettered with any Troop No. \$1.50  
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter  
troop flags and pennants.

### † G. S. Felt Emblems

Price

3x4 ..... 35c  
4x5 ..... 40c  
6x7 ..... 45c  
7x10 ..... 55c

### Signal Flags

Price

Flag Set ..... \$1.30  
Includes:  
1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed  
6-ft. Staff

### 1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy Web Carrying Case

Price

Single Morse Code Flag-staff,  
Jointed ..... .60  
Semaphore Flags (extra), per  
pair ..... .75

### Staffs

7 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral  
G. S. Emblem ..... \$6.75  
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle ..... 5.00  
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear ..... 3.50  
G. S. Emblem—separate ..... 3.70  
Eagle Emblem—separate ..... 2.60  
Spear Emblem—separate ..... 1.60  
Flag Carrier ..... 2.60

### Literature

Price

Brownie Books ..... \$0.25  
Brownie Game Book ..... .50

Brownie Magic for Brown Owls ..... 1.25

Brownie Pamphlet ..... .15

Brownie Report ..... .75

Blue Book of Rules ..... .25

Camping Out (By L. H. Weir) ..... 2.00

Campward Ho! ..... .75

Camp and Field Notebook Cover ..... .50

Ceremonies around the Girl Scout  
Year ..... .25

Community Service Booklet—

Each ..... .10

Per dozen ..... 1.00

First Aid Book—

New Edition ..... .80

Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris) ..... 2.00

Girl Guide Book of Games ..... .50

Girl Scout Game Book ..... .35

Girl Scout Handycrafts ..... 2.35

Health Record Books, each ..... .10

Per dozen ..... 1.00

Handbook, Cloth Board Cover ..... 1.10

Flexible Cloth Cover ..... .80

English Girl Guide ..... .75

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.

\*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

## Standard Price List Continued

## Literature (Continued)

|                                 | Price     | Price                              | Cuts                             | Price  |
|---------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------|
| Home Service Booklet, each      | \$0.10    | Series of Law Cards                | Running Girl                     | \$1.00 |
| Per dozen                       | 1.00      | Per hundred                        | Trefoil                          | .75    |
| How to Start a Girl Scout Troop |           | "A Girl Scout is Cheerful"         | First Aid Kit with Pouch         | .80    |
| Pamphlet, each                  | .05       | "A Girl Scout's Honor is to        | Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra     | .50    |
| Per hundred                     | 4.50      | be Trusted"                        | First Aid Kit, No. 1             | 2.90   |
| Knots, Hitches and Splices      | .55       | "A Girl Scout is Kind to           | Flashlights, Small size          | 1.50   |
| Life Saving Booklet             | .15       | Animals"                           | Large size                       | 1.70   |
| Nature Program—                 |           | "A Girl Scout is Thrifty"          | Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem: |        |
| A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders   |           | Any of above, each                 | Linen                            | .35    |
| in their Nature Work            | 20        | Per hundred                        | Box of three                     | 1.00   |
| Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides  |           | 2.50                               | Cotton                           | .20    |
| Tenderfoot                      | .03       | Posters—                           | Box of six                       | 1.00   |
| First Class and Rambler         | .05       | New Building Poster 9 1/4 x 11 1/4 | Haversacks, No. 1                | 3.00   |
| Second Class and Observer       | .10       | Per dozen                          | No. 2                            | 2.00   |
| Per set of 3                    | .15       | Girl Scout's Creed (By Henry       | Shoulder Protection Straps, per  |        |
| Nature Projects—                |           | Van Dyke)                          | pair                             | .25    |
| Set of three (Bird, Tree and    |           | 1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36   | 1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 |        |
| Flower Finder) with note-       |           | in. wide                           | in. wide                         | .40    |
| book cover                      | 1.50      | Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide    | Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide  | .60    |
| Projects, each                  | .40       | Per hundred                        | Knives, No. 1                    | 1.60   |
| Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower     |           | Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16      | No. 2                            | 1.05   |
| instruction sheet               | 10        | Per hundred                        | Sheath Knife                     | 1.60   |
| Star Project                    | 20        | Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11       | Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces     | 3.00   |
| Ye Andrée Logge                 | .75       | Per hundred                        | Mirror—Unbreakable               | .25    |
| Pageant—                        |           | Scout Laws                         | † Patterns—                      |        |
| Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence |           | Size 14 x 19                       | Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42   | .15    |
| Howard), each                   | 50        | Size 9 x 11                        | Norfolk Suit, 34-44              | .25    |
| Patrol Register, each           | .15       | Producing Amateur Entertain-       | Pocket Signal Charts, each       | .15    |
| Patrol System for Girl Guides   | .25       | ments (By Helen Ferris)            | In lots of ten or more, each     | .10    |
| Plays—                          |           | Scout Mastership                   | Poncho (45x72)                   | 3.50   |
| Why They Gave a Show and        |           | Short Stories for Girl Scouts      | Poncho (60x82)                   | 4.75   |
| How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)        |           | Tree Marker (not engraved)         | Rings, Silver, 3 to 9            | 1.50   |
| Each                            | .15       | Troop Management Course            | 10K Gold, 3 to 9                 | 4.00   |
| How St. John Came to Bencer's   |           | Troop Register (Field Notebook     | Rope, 4 ft. by 3/4 in.           | .15    |
| School                          |           | Size                               | Lots of 5 or more, each          | .10    |
| A Pot of Red Geraniums          |           | Additional Sheets                  | Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt     | .50    |
| Why the Rubbish?                |           | Cash Record                        | Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per   | 4.75   |
| Everybody's Affair              |           | (15 sheets)                        | yard                             |        |
| When the Four Winds Met         |           | Per sheet (broken pkg.)            | Sewing Kit, Tin Case             | .25    |
| (By Oleda Schrottky)            |           | 3c. ea.                            | Aluminum Case                    | .50    |
| Magic Gold Pieces               |           | Treasurer's Monthly Record         | Girl Scout Stationery            | .55    |
| (By Margaret Mochrie)           |           | (30 sheets)                        | Girl Scout Stickers—Each         | .01    |
| Above six, each                 | .15       | Per Sheet (broken pkg.)            | Per dozen                        | 10     |
| Lots of ten or more, each       | .10       | 2c. ea.                            | Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11    | .55    |
| Post Cards—                     |           | Treasurer's or Scribe's Record     | Sun Watch                        | 1.00   |
| Set of Six (Silhouette)         | .10       | (15 sheets)                        | Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em-     |        |
| 1 dozen sets                    | 1.00      | Per sheet (broken pkg.)            | bossed in gold)                  | .02    |
| Set of four (Colored) (Fall,    |           | 3c. ea.                            | 3 for                            | .05    |
| Winter, Spring, Summer          |           | 12 for                             | .15                              |        |
| Sets cannot be broken)          | .15       | 100 for                            | 1.00                             |        |
| 1 dozen sets                    | 1.50      | Thread, Khaki spool                | Per dozen spools                 | .15    |
| Building                        | 2 for .05 | Troop Reports                      | † Uniform Make-up Sets—          |        |
| Washington Little House (Ex-    |           | (30 sheets)                        | Long Coat Uniform                | .70    |
| terior)                         | .02       | Per sheet (broken pkg.)            | 1 Long Coat Pattern              |        |
| Washington Little House         | .02       | 2c. ea.                            | 1 Pair Lapels                    |        |
| (Doorway)                       |           | Troop Advancement Record           | 1 Spool of Thread                |        |
| Girl Scout Laws (By E. B.       | .05       | 3c. a sheet                        | 1 Set of Buttons                 |        |
| Price)                          |           | Troop Reports                      | Two-piece Uniform                | .85    |
| Per hundred                     | 4.50      | (30 sheets)                        | 1 Short Coat Pattern             |        |
| Girl Scout's Promise            | .05       | Per sheet (broken pkg.)            | 1 Skirt Pattern                  |        |
| Per hundred                     | 4.50      | 2.75                               | 1 Pair Lapels                    |        |
| Radiolite Dial                  | 4.50      | Camp Toilet Kit                    | 1 Spool of Thread                |        |
|                                 |           | Canteen, Aluminum                  | 1 Set of Buttons                 |        |
|                                 |           | Compass, Plain                     | No Make-up sets for middies      |        |
|                                 |           | 1.00                               | and bloomers                     |        |
|                                 |           | Radiolite Dial                     | Whistles                         | 20     |
|                                 |           | 1.50                               | Wrist Watch, Radiolite           | 4.00   |

## Miscellaneous

|                                   | Price  |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Axe, with Sheath                  | \$1.85 |
| Belt Hooks, extra                 | .05    |
| Blankets—3 1/4-pound camel's hair | 5.50   |
| O. D.—3 3/4-pound all wool, size  |        |
| 66 x 80                           | 4.75   |
| Bugle                             | 5.00   |
| Braid—1/4 inch wide, yard         | .10    |
| Buttons—Per set                   | .25    |
| 10s—6 L to set—dozen sets         | 2.75   |
| Camp Toilet Kit                   | 2.35   |
| Canteen, Aluminum                 | 2.75   |
| Compass, Plain                    | 1.00   |
| Radiolite Dial                    | 1.50   |

## Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization.

Mail all Orders to

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices Are Postage Paid



# Good News, Indeed!

Free—everything you need as a Girl Scout!

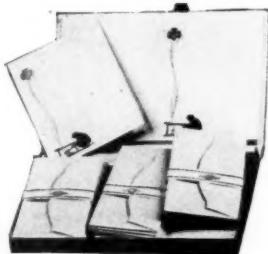
And for fewer subscriptions than have been necessary heretofore

Of course we know how much you want a new Girl Scout knife, these days—or a uniform—or a troop flag! And because we want to do everything we can to help you get it, we have been studying our Premium list and we have made a most important discovery. From now on, we shall be able to give you THE AMERICAN GIRL premiums free, for fewer subscriptions than it has been necessary for you to obtain heretofore. And we have added new premiums to the list.

Look at the list on this page—isn't it great that

you can have everything here *free* for just a little work for THE AMERICAN GIRL? All you have to do is to decide what you want most—then set to work getting subscriptions not only from Girl Scouts but from every girl you know. If a girl says she hasn't the money now, write down her name in your notebook and call on her mother, suggesting that she give her daughter the magazine for Christmas. Premiums may be earned on these Christmas subscriptions as well as on every other kind.

## Girl Scout Stationery



Of course you don't want to use any other stationery when you can have your own Girl Scout letter paper—especially when you can have it now for one 1-year subscription. Heretofore two 1-year subscriptions were necessary.

## Girl Scout Ring



Now you can have a gold ring—with the Girl Scout seal—for four 1-year subscriptions, or three 2-year subscriptions—just what used to be necessary for a silver ring. And you can have a silver ring for one 1-year subscription.

## The Midget Pin

It is again on the premium list and it is yours for one 1-year subscription—you will be glad to know that.

## The Bugle

No troop need longer be without a bugle when one may be had for nine 1-year or six 2-year subscriptions.

## Our New Premium List

| Article                         | \$1.50 subs. | \$2.00 subs. |
|---------------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Long Coat                       | 6            | 4            |
| Short Coat Suit                 | 8            | 6            |
| Bloomers                        | 3            | 2            |
| Knickers                        | 4            | 3            |
| Middy                           | 3            | 2            |
| Hat                             | 3            | 2            |
| Neckerchiefs                    | 1            |              |
| Raincoat (Oil Skin)             | 10           | 7            |
| Coat Sweater                    | 14           | 10           |
| Song Book                       | 1            |              |
| American Flag                   | 4            | 3            |
| Troop Flag                      | 5            | 4            |
| Troop Pennant                   | 3            | 2            |
| Flag Carrier                    | 4            | 3            |
| Flag Set                        | 3            | 2            |
| First Aid Book                  | 2            | 1            |
| Handbook                        | 1            |              |
| Axe                             | 3            | 2            |
| Blankets                        | 12           | 8            |
| Bugle                           | 9            | 6            |
| Camp Kit                        | 4            | 3            |
| Aluminum Canteen                | 5            | 4            |
| Plain Compass                   | 2            | 1            |
| Radiolite Compass               | 3            | 2            |
| First Aid Kit and Pouch (small) | 2            | 1            |
| First Aid Kit and Pouch (large) | 5            | 4            |
| Flashlight, small and battery   | 3            | 2            |
| Flashlight, large and battery   | 4            | 3            |
| Handkerchiefs                   |              |              |
| Haversack, No. 1                | 7            | 5            |
| Haversack, No. 2                | 4            | 3            |
| Knife, No. 1 (4 blades)         | 3            | 2            |
| Knife, No. 2 (2 blades)         | 2            | 1            |
| Knife (hunting)                 | 3            | 2            |
| Aluminum Mess Kit               | 5            | 4            |
| Poncho (45x72)                  | 6            | 5            |
| Poncho (60x80)                  | 9            | 6            |
| Ring (silver)                   | 1            |              |
| Ring (gold)                     | 4            | 3            |
| Aluminum Sewing Kit             | 1            |              |
| Stationery                      | 1            |              |
| Sun Watch                       | 2            | 1            |
| Wrist Watch                     | 9            | 6            |
| Midge Pin                       | 1            |              |
| Iodine Pens                     | 1            |              |
| Guide Ropes                     | 1            |              |
| Belts (web)                     |              | 1            |
| Banderaux                       |              | 1            |
| Girl Scout Game Book            | 1            | 1            |
| Girl Scout Book of Games        |              | 1            |
| Knots, Hitches and Splices      | 1            | 1            |
| Scouting in Fun                 |              | 1            |
| Nature Project                  | 3            | 2            |
| Stockings                       | 1            | 2            |
| Girl Scout Handyfacts           | 4            | 3            |

*Send your subscriptions in  
as soon as you get them*

## The Wrist Watch

It has a gun-metal finish and a suede wrist strap, and it is a good friend by day and night too, on account of its luminous face. It will come to you for nine 1-year subscriptions or six 2-year ones—two less than heretofore.



## The Sewing Kit

Pins, self-threading needles, a spool of khaki thread, and a thimble—for one 1-year subscription.



## Just remember—

That premiums that are listed for two-year subscriptions only cannot be given for one-year subscriptions. Nor can one 2-year subscription be accepted in place of two 1-year subscriptions.

That premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscription.

When you have secured a new subscriber, send the subscription with a check or money order immediately. We can thus start the new subscription *at once*. We will credit the amount towards your premium, if you will notify us that you are working for a premium.



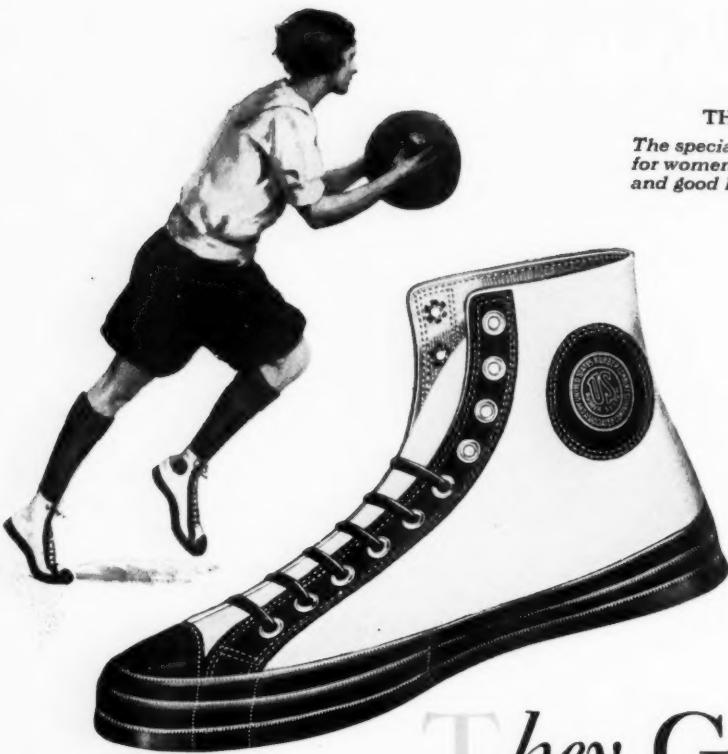
## An Idea

Why not earn these premiums to give as Christmas presents to your best friends?

# The American Girl

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City



THE "METEOR"

*The special Keds basketball shoe for women. Light, sure gripping, and good looking*

# T *bey* Grip the Fastest Floor

THE great women tennis stars—many of the fastest girls' basketball teams—champion athletes everywhere choose Keds.

Keds are ideal for the "gym" floor, too. Their light, springy soles mean greater comfort and safety. And the strong, snug uppers protect your ankles against twists and sprains. You will like the way the trim Keds lines set off

your uniform. And Keds are so durable!

There's a Keds model for every kind of sports wear, indoors and out.

Keds come in all popular styles at prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Be sure that the name *Keds* is on the shoe. They are made only by

United States Rubber Company



# Keds

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*They are not Keds unless the name  
Keds is on the shoe*

